CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

VOL. XXVI. DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS. NO. 1.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1847. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT NO. 1 1-2 WATER STREET.
(*Near Washington Street,*) by
DAVID REED.

☞ To whom all communications, as well as letters of business, should be addressed.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS, payable in six months, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, if paid in advance.

To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, a sixth copy will be sent gratis.

No subscriptions discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I wish you, indeed, a happy, very happy year, a year of exertion and improvement, a year of contentment and hope, a year of blessings received and of gratitude returned. I wish you health and domestic enjoyment, the society and affection of your friends, and the happiness of knowing that they are worthy of your love. I wish you the highest blessings of Christian friendship, the unshaken hope of meeting in heaven those whom you have loved on earth. I wish you in all the trials of life, constancy and prudence, an active zeal, and an unwearied spirit; usefulness and diligence in health, in sickness, patience, comfort and cheerfulness; and in the last hour, unwavering faith and a hope full of immortality. [N. A. Haven.

CALVINISM. BAXTER.

We like the *Presbyterian*. We always know just where to find it. It is Calvinistic to the bone and shows no quarter to those however Orthodox in name, who cannot come up boldly and without any reserve to the mark. It is pleasant —we are not speaking ironically;—it is really pleasant to see a paper so decided. But it has some things which strike us as a little curious. Of this kind is the article following, in which the extraordinary charge is brought against Dr. Jenkyn, that he is wholly disqualified for being Editor of Baxter, *because he sympathises with the theological errors of Baxter, and therefore has the audacity to publish them just as Baxter wrote them.* He is guilty of the crime of restoring the text of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" and the "Call to the Unconverted" to the condition in which Baxter left it, and *therefore*, he is unfit to be the Editor of Baxter's works. We know that this same objection has been made to Griesbach and others, who have labored to restore the text of the Scriptures to its original purity, in the few places where it had been distorted to cover up the wicked Theology of the times. "Why," it was said, "it is giving it a Socinian, or Arian, or Arminian character," and therefore the corruptions, which man has introduced, must not be cut off. We give below the article from the Presbyterian.

In recently noticing the republication of some of Baxter's writings with an introductory essay by Dr. Jenkyn of London, we took occasion to express our disapprobation of the manner in which the latter gentleman had performed his task. The following spirited remarks from the Edinburgh Witness relates to the same subject.

"Gladly did we hail the appearance of Baxter among the "Works of the English Puritans," now issuing by Mr. Nelson. We wish all success to this series of useful republications; but we are sorry that we cannot, in the case of this their last volume, congratulate the conductors on the wisdom they have displayed in the selection of an editor. We are not aware, indeed, of any claims which Dr. Jenkyn of Coward College had to be selected for such a delicate task, except that he has distinguished himself for carrying out the errors of Baxter beyond certainly all that Baxter ever dreamt of, and further perhaps than any writer of modern times. We do not, of course, intend a review of this gentleman's preliminary essay; but we cannot help expressing our mind on what we consider a most uncompromising, unhappy disposition manifested in some quarters, of doing honor to misguided talent, in proportion as it has signalized itself in tilting at the time-hallowed bastions of the citadel of truth, and indulging in the most extravagant theological crotchets. Dr. Jenkyn's chief work, that on the Extent of the Atonement, abounds with the loosest theology of the modern school, delivered in the style of arrogant pretension for which that school is every where characterized. And yet he, of all the ministers of England, is the person chosen to exhibit a just and discriminating estimate of the life and theology of Baxter! This delicate task he has executed just in the way we anticipated. The life of Baxter, it may be observed, he has treated apart from the ministry of Baxter. We should as soon have looked for a life of the Duke of Wellington apart from Wellington's battles. This part of the essay is characterized by nothing so much as an extreme desire to claim Baxter as an Independent, under the general name of a Non-conformist.

* * * * *

In his remarks on the theology of Baxter, Dr. Jenkyn, as might have been expected, has shown much more sympathy with the errors of his system than with its excellencies. Like all heresiarchs, having raised a storm about his own ears by quarrelling with the faith, and kicking at the conscientious feelings of his neighbors, he begins to whine about bigotry and intolerance, and obviously thinks himself eminently qualified for speaking *con amore* of the rough treatment which Baxter received from his cotemporaries. It is evident that, in his own eyes, Dr. Jenkyn is like the "Doctor Angelicus" whom he describes as *descending among theologians*, and agitating the settled waters of their dull and stagnant orthodoxy;" whereupon "a great multitude of impotent folks, of blind, halt, and withered, creep from the 'five points' of their 'five porches,' to brandish their crutches against the intruder!" This allusion to Calvinism and the five Arminian points, couched under a parody of the language of Scripture more remarkable for its frivolity than its felicity, affords a pretty fair specimen of the Angelical Doctor of Coward College. After this, we need not be surprised to find that, in an essay meant to introduce the practical writings of Baxter, the editor has favored us with a laboured vindication of his speculative errors. "The theology of Baxter," says he, "is distinguished by four peculiarities." Poor Baxter! surely wast thou belabored during life, for having allowed thy metaphysical subtlety too much scope on one or two points; but this picking out of thy "four peculiarities," which were fast sinking into oblivion among thy four hundred catholicities and parading them as "Baxter's Theology," is "the unkindest cut of all." Seriously, however we cannot sufficiently deplore this attempt to resuscitate, to disseminate, and to perpetuate the errors of this good divine, as calculated materially to injure the usefulness of his writings. The practical works of Baxter, as published in Scotland, were generally purified of those defects which after all, were but thinly sprinkled over them; nor did "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," or the "Call to the Unconverted," read any worse without them. The ointment smelled all the sweeter without the dead fly. Had his works been given without mutilation, and with a prudent cautioning in regard to his "peculiarities," none could have objected. But when, as here, the dead fly is embalmed, and held forth so offensively to our nostrils—when Baxter's blemishes are applauded as his beauties—and when they are converted by an editor into so many convenient texts from which he may take occasion to lecture on his heretical hobbies, and libel the opinions of others—we can only regard the selection of such a person for the editorial task, as a great practical blunder, and the manner in which he has discharged it as an insult to the great body of the readers of these publications. Had this been the proper place, it would have been easy to show that the editor has failed to point out the leading fallacies of Baxter—that he has put sentiments into his mouth which he would have shrunk from with a God-forbid!—and that he has misrepresented the Calvinistic theory. We shall only say, that what we have always regarded as Baxter's most dangerous error, viz., his two-fold justification—one by grace here, and another by works at the judgment day (more a theory for explaining Scripture than any thing else)—was never more beautifully refuted than by himself, when in the immediate prospect of death. The anecdote is given by the editor. After a slumber he waked and said, "I shall rest from my labors." A minister then present said, "and your works shall follow you." To whom he replied, "No works; I will leave out works, if God will grant me the other." And the "Reformed Pastor" soon after found himself in the "Saints' Everlasting Rest."

THE POOR.

FROM MR. FOSDICK'S THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Poverty is an evil. No doubt covetousness often grinds the faces of the poor with pitiless atrocity. No doubt the wants and welfare of the poor are not in general sufficiently regarded. I would have every change take place which would clearly tend to the diminution of poverty. I would have legislation divested of partiality.—I would have the grievousness of indigence assuaged by liberal beneficence from the hand of wealth. But the way in which this subject is often treated can do no good. Poverty is not always, if generally or ever, the fault of society. Still less is it the intentional result of selfishness in certain classes. It is impossible that it should be; and yet some talk as if it were. Indolence, improvidence, debility, unavoidable casualties, are at the root of much of the poverty which exists. Where was there ever a community in which less necessary inequality was occasioned by the constitution of society than in our own? National prosperity, from the nature of the case, produces marked inequality, where all are left to rely on their individual measure of ability and good fortune. Out of the lowest depths of poverty have come many of our richest men.—Says Cowper:

> No soil like poverty for growth divine;
> As leanest land supplies the richest wine."

He who has a vigorous understanding, native tact and quickness, and a resolute will, finds or makes his way clear through a forest of difficulties, (and difficulties in general only ensure his progress,) to the loftiest height of pecuniary distinction. But such considerations do not seem to weigh anything with some writers. Instead of pointing out in a Christian temper such abuses as most palpably need to be remedied, the tone adopted and maintained as respects our social state is that appropriate to unmitigated and unparallelled enormities. "Society (it is declared,) is not Christian in form or spirit;" it is even chiefly characterized by "blood and violence," and rests "on a basis of selfishness."—The poor are "a class of men abandoned by the Christians." We have even taken pains to "shut them out of our churches." Observe "the dirty lanes and by-places into which the pride of Boston has elbowed them." Now here, I think, is lamentable intemperance of thought. Undoubtedly the poor are not enough considered, even in Boston. Inculcate, then, as strenuously as you can, more good-will in respect to them. But to say, in this city, so renowned for its munificent charity, that the poor are abandoned by the Christians, is sheer rant and error. As to this matter, if any should say, in the words which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "He misses not much," I should be inclined to use the cool rejoinder which Shakspeare immediately presents: "No! he doth but mistake the truth totally." The poor are not crowded or shut out of our churches. There are few or no churches in this city, where they would altogether fail to find not only room but welcome. They stay away from them chiefly out of choice.

The prosperous have not, in general, such feelings towards the poor as this strain of remark which I have been censuring implies.—Wealth is often discreditably selfish and supercilious: but not always. The direct tendency of such vituperation as that which we have been considering is to inflame useless, mischievous animosity, on the part of the poor against the rich. Sufficient jealousy of the rich exists without such invectives. Least of all should they be heard from the lips of educated men. The duty of the rich should be set before them with fidelity, but not with a tone of savage bitterness. One effect which will probably be produced by the growth of this asperity on the part of the poor, is increased alienation of feeling on the part of the rich as respects the rest of the community, increased indifference and negligence about the claims of charity. Why should we do what will occasion evil and only evil continually? Better teach the poor this truth, that there is not so much difference among men in the happiness arising from outward circumstances as they suppose. Better instil the proper persuasion, that to all men life is necessarily a battle; that riches have their peculiar perplexities, temptations, and disadvantages. Better enforce the conviction that a good man can be happy under any circumstances, a bad man under none. Better encourage the indigent to exert themselves in rising out of their poverty, as many others have, and as they in general may. Do not induce useless repinings. Do not implant or nurture envious, uncomfortable, vindictive sentiments. Do not urge the rich and the poor yet further asunder.

There are those who seem bent upon defending and maintaining the poor man even in his errors. Sloth, unthriftiness, improvidence, they say, are "Nature speaking through his soul."—His very crimes are termed "the natural effect of misery" like his and even "inevitable." It is said, "great nature speaks" out thus against injustice. Criminals, we are told, have more "fear of God" than the rest of the community, or they would commit wickedness more atrociously than they do. As they are "overloaded with work," their transgressions are not blameworthy. The felon and the wanton are the "victims" of society; the prosperous are its "foes." Detestable doctrine to be diffused in our community! Shall we suffer, nay embolden, even exhort, those who sin, to lay the flattering unction to their souls, that the wickedness they do is excusable and unavoidable? Shall they regard their vices altogether as "the result of education and circumstances?" If they, why not others? Why not the rich? There is as much temptation in prosperity as in adversity; more, if we may believe our Savior, as some of us do yet.—He states it as a thing pre-eminently difficult, for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.—Shall the poor alone be told it is iniquitous that they should be punished, even with loss of reputation, for their misdeeds? that it is only the tyranny of society which visits them with what is called the meed of justice? Words are inadequate to express just abhorrence of such teaching. Be temperate in all things. Be temperate upon the subject of *Poverty* and other social disadvantages.

Idleness is the hour of temptation, wherein satan joins with our imagination, and sets it about his own work, to grind his grist, for the soul as a mill either grinds that which is put into it, or else works upon itself. [Sibbes.

THE POWER OF THE VOICE OVER CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded. I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect. Or, the parent may use language in the correction of her child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence.

We are by no means aware of the power of voice in swaying the feelings of the soul. The anecdote of a good lady in regard to her minister's sermon is to the point. She heard a discourse from him which pleased her exceedingly. She expressed to a friend the hope that he would preach it again.

"Perhaps," said her friend in reply, "he may print it." "Ah," said she, "he could not print that *holy tone.*" There is a tone in the pulpit, which, false as is the taste from which it proceeds, does indeed work wonders. So is there a tone in our intercourse with children which may be among the most efficient aids in their right education.

Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection. So also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is no array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear, that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskilfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence.—Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame.

In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone. Instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition therefore we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone with which we address him.

There is nothing more desirable in a daughter than intelligence joined to a gentle spirit. The mind is fashioned and furnished, in the main, at school. But the character of the affections is derived chiefly from home. How inestimable is the confidence of that mother in producing kind feelings in the bosoms of her children, who never permits herself to speak to them with a loud voice, and in harsh, unkind tones.

I have heard of a father, who when his children became engaged in a dispute, would at once require them to unite in a song. The blending of their voices in harmony was soon found to subdue their angry and contentious feelings.—There is a native, spontaneous, unsought music. It consists in the tones which issues from her who is overflowing with Christian love. While, then, I would advise the mother to the cultivation of a pleasant voice, and warn her of the evils of addressing her children harshly, I would still more earnestly counsel her to discipline her *heart*. Out of a kind heart come naturally kind tones. She who would train up her family in the sweet spirit of Christ, can succeed best and most enduringly of all, by cherishing such sentiments as shall seek their own unbidden expression in gentle, yet all-powerful tones. [Western Evangelist.

When we are surprised contrary to our looking for and liking, we should study rather how to exercise some grace than to give way to any passion. Think now is a time to exercise our patience, our wisdom and other graces. Thus we shall not only master every condition, but make it serviceable to our good. If nature teach bees, not only to gather honey out of sweet flowers, but out of bitter, shall not grace teach us to draw even out of the bitterest condition something to better our souls? We learn to tame all creatures, even the wildest that we may bring them to our use; and why should we give way to our own unruly passions? [Sibbes.

The way to prevail over ourselves, as when we are to do or suffer anything, or withstand any person in a good cause, is not to think that we are to deal with men, yea, or with devils, so much as with ourselves. The saints resisted their enemies to death by resisting their own corruptions first; if once we get the victory over ourselves, all other things are conquered to our ease. All the hurt satan and the world would do us is by corresponding with ourselves. [Ib.

A little Christian humility is the best antidote to the uncomfortable feelings produced by mixing with society either above or beneath one; and the simple desire to do others good will dissipate in a moment a thousand unfavorable feelings. [Jane Taylor.

St. Paul labored in his manifold perils thirty one years, before he ventured to express his "desire to depart", and a still longer period before he was able to say that he was "now ready to be offered." The first converts of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, were endued with the power of working miracles and of speaking in foreign languages, to qualify them for preaching the Gospel, but all I find recorded of their feelings, is that "they did eat their bread with gladness and singleness of heart praising God." [N. A. Haven.

MY BIRTH DAY.

These anniversaries are pleasant seasons, even with all their saddening reminiscences, and dark forebodings of the future. They are the eminences of life on which we pause amid the bustle of our onward journey, to review the scenes we have passed, and there are many sweet, sunny spots to which we look fondly back, as their beauty is receding in the distance, and which are now barred from our footsteps forever. The traveller to the tomb may not retrace his paths, but all their beauty and sweetness will linger around him, even to the brink of that dark mansion. What a magician is time! How beautifully soft is the light he flings over the "green pastures, and the still waters" of our earlier and sinless years, revealing charms we had not perceived till those peaceful precincts were left forever. Beneath his spell, the rude rock and rugged steep, up which we toiled with heart sinking and weariness, exhibit here and there a solitary flower, relieving the desolation and doing away its dreariness, the mercies of God shining even among the darkest of his dispensations. Time! Time! Thou art a conqueror—but thou bringest rest when the victory is won. Thou woundest—but there is "healing in thy wings." Thou stealest the blooming cheek and the auburn tress, but for that we forgive thee, for these are toys at best—Thou stealest the trusting spirit, and for that we forgive thee, for life is a warfare where caution is the safest armor, and suspicion the most efficient defence. Thou dispellest many a dream, and tearest the gilding from many a gay deceit. For this we bless thee; for a harsh truth is better than a pleasing error, and to know life as it really is, is to disarm its evils of half their power to hurt our peace. But thou stealest away our friends, the kind, the good. For that alone of all thy spoils, we cannot forgive thee! The chasms thou makest in the heart thou hast nothing to fill. Thou mayest bring others as dear—but memory hovers around the dead. Yet, in *His own good time, who orders all things*, thy hand shall mingle our dust, and reunite our spirit where there comes no parting hour.

Birth-days are to the young, seasons of exclusive rejoicing. Each period that brings nearer the scenes of active life, is hailed as a friend; for in that untried future are clustered all that the warm imagination can paint. There is a smiling Eden, not with forbidden entrance, but guarded by intervening years. There are wreaths of literary fame—there are laureled crowns, and there are jewelled wealth. The flight of time is urged onward, with thoughtless impatience, to grasp these lovely phantoms, which either elude the pursuit, or prove unsubstantial shadows.

But when year after year has come and departed, the sobered views of maturer life welcome this anniversary with different feelings. The promises of imagination have deceieved us. The glory has vanished from the future. There are saddening recollections of the past. There is a long review of faces, once familiar, now gone from this world forever, fallen silently, like withered autumnal leaves, one by one, from among us. Changes have come over our destinies, some of sorrow, and some of joy, but all subjects of serious meditation. The companions of childhood have lain down in the unawakening sleep. The protecting arm has been withdrawn from our lives, and we are left to struggle, as best we can, with the conflicting elements of an unfriendly world. We have grown careful and suspicious, locking up our thoughts in the inmost recesses of our minds, that the cold and careless may not use them to our annoyance. Years leave their silent witnesses on the cheek and brow, but if the heart could be laid open we should find them engraven deeper there. There is a change without, and still greater change within.

"We cannot feel as we have felt, or be what we have been."

And do we regret it? Would we recall, if we had the power, those sunny days, with their dreams of wild romance, of impossible and supernatural beauty? The visions that flit around the couch of the sleeper, may be more enchanting than the realities which meet his waking eye, but would he turn again to those fascinating fictions, when once their delusion was past, if they palsied his strength and poisoned the sources of his real happiness? No! Nor would we bring back the illusions of our vanished years. They were beautiful, but perishing. They passed away, and better things have succeeded their fleeting loveliness. When the joyous colors have faded from life, and all is stern reality, the spirit then summons forth its energies to meet the chilling reverse, and calls into action its highest and noblest powers, which had hitherto slept unprized and almost unnoticed. The feelings assume a healthier tone—the mind moves with more regulated impulse. Its superior sentiments attain the ascendancy. Its rich internal resources develope themselves. It learns the invaluable lesson of self-reliance, and feels its vigor increasing with each succeeding trial. If hope has ceased to weave her charm over the future, there is little left there to attract the wandering thought. There is nothing to excite that unprofitable day-dreaming which is the most enervating luxury of the youthful mind. Yet the pleasures of meditation are not destroyed, but a wider field is given, a different and more harmless range is opened. The musing hour is as dear as formerly, but the subject of its contemplation is changed. The luxuries of thought are all gathered in the past, save those which go beyond the grave, and open the portals of a glorious eternity. Time has made us beings of retrospection, rather than of anticipation, and we love the moments which we can steal from engrossing cares, to light the lamp of memory, and explore those lovely ruins of the past, which we would not, if we had the power, rebuild.

But could we recall those years, and live them over with the experience we have gained, it were indeed a blessed privilege; for who has thought so purely, acted so wisely, and lived so uprightly, as to find, in a review of the past, nothing he might wish to change? No error committed, which the matured judgment would now disavow, and no duty omitted, which the better instructed spirit laments? but to recall our youthful years without the power to use the knowledge we acquired as they went by; to live them over as they were, in their folly, their thoughtlessness, and worse, their waste of thought, is not a desirable boon. Rather let time speed on to the accomplishment of our destinies. Let years come and depart—they are but the ministers of God, and work upon us His benevolent will, for benevolent our reason acknowledges, our faith testifies it must be, though to our sealed eyes, His ways are often in darkness. Let them pass on, for "age is *not* dark and unlovely," a starless night which ends in interminable gloom, but the twilight rest of a busy day, when the deepening shadows that proclaim the hour of reposing near, wrap earth and its objects in a veil of indistinctness, but reveal with intenser glory, the lights which burn above, in the eternal vault of heaven. Time robs us of nothing (*except our friends,*) which is really valuable The treasures of science are open still. The vast volume of nature is spread out, and the capacity for reading it remains unimpaired. The mental eye loses not its light, when the organ of vision becomes dim. It still appreciates the beautiful, perhaps the more keenly, for the knowledge that earthly beauty is soon to pass from its gaze. Time may rust the casket, but may not tarnish the jewel within. That which burns forever, will acquire brightness, as the dust gradually assimilates to dust, and while the infirmities of declining life prepare the mortal for the end of mortality, the spirit is freeing its pinions from the clogs of earth, that when at last the fetter is finally broken, it may soar with unimpeded flight to the throne of God.

We think there is good sense in the following article, which we copy from the Boston Recorder.

DR. CHALMERS AND THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

We have never had so much confidence as some others have expressed, in a great meeting of ministers which looked to no system or plan of action, but which began and ended in mere speeches and union,—speeches we might say without union, for the latter, as things now look, is as far in the future as before the meeting of the Alliance. We are not surprised therefore, that the public mind is so extensively in suspense, as to what will be the end of this new movement. We give below the plain and decided remarks of the venerable Dr. Chalmers of Scotland, uttered in a lecture delivered by him in Edinburgh.

"I have no thought that the Evangelical Alliance will keep together; for a thousand christian ministers have been sent up to London to pray for union, while notwithstanding all their prayers for such a consummation. they have separated without making one single effort by way of fulfilling the last injunction of the Savior, by "going into all the world and preaching the gospel to every creature." I am for something of a substantial nature. If it could have been reported that they had agreed to a particular course of action, that would have been something gratifying; but no such report was ever furnished. If the sixteen ministers who went up to London from this city had returned warm from the Evangelical Alliance with some plan of action for their respective congregations, in uniting together in one great and common effort for christianizing the people around them, I say this would have been a trophy. If it is all to be mere specifying, I predict that it will be a perfect futility."

TEMPERANCE ESSAYS, No. 1. On the duties of the influential classes to the Temperance Reform. By George F. Noyes.

This is a very sensible, correct tract, on the duties of the wealthy, the fashionable, the men of talent and religion to the temperance reform. It is written in a calm, dispassionate tone, and well deserves to be read and considered. It does not deal at all in coarse abuse or vituperative epithets, but appeals to the reason and conscience of all, who from their wealth, talents, social position or religious standing, have an influence in society.

As to religion it says:—

"Here, at first view, it would seem unnecessary to say aught, for temperance is one of the very elements of and one of its necessary constituents. And yet, the ministers and followers of Christ are not wholly free from the influence of circumstances; they have not wholly risen superior to those earthly considerations which act upon weak human nature. But upon this point there should be but one mind. If there is any influence unto which this temperance reform should look with perfect confidence for support, it is that of religion.

At whatever sacrifice of personal popularity, at whatever yielding up of present luxury, it is the duty of its professors and teachers to leave no reasonable means untried to help on this reform; for religion and intemperance are opposing principles, and the one can only succeed by the destruction of the other. Let it not be said that this is a minor or extraneous duty—an illegitimate deviation; for no one can deny that it is the very primary step in the advance of christianity. To argue on this point, and show their intimate connection, is rendered wholly unnecessary. If, then, there be any professor of religion, who by his silence or example is assisting in the progress of the sin of intemperance, to him this reform comes with an earnest prayer, that he may look into his heart, read his duty there, and then quietly but earnestly and with no cowardly spirit go and do it. For if the pulpit or the church give its negative sanction to this vice, vain are the efforts of others in its extermination.

The want of greater success in the Temperance reform, is attributed and we fear with truth to the want of interest among the influential classes, who are here urged to engage in the good work from a regard to what they owe to themselves, to society, and to God. We extract a few paragraphs.

The influential classes owe the performance of these duties to *themselves*. For no man be he of high or low estate, can practice or encourage drinking, however moderately, without being in danger of becoming a drunkard. We have heretofore spoken chiefly of their influence upon others; but it is too fearfully evident that they themselves are not exempt from the curse they so strongly assist in perpetuating. Unto them is there no special privilege granted that they may be secure from temptation and in no manner be injured thereby. On the contrary experience assures us that in very many instances, the high and the influential have sipped too often the social bowl, and sunk to utter degradation. And why should not this be the case? Have not they the same appetites as their fellow beings? are not their opportunities of indulgence far better? does not the same rule of cause and effect govern all men?—They also must find poison and death in the wine-cup; and life, from intemperance, must be alike to them a scene of ruined health, wasted talents, degradation, perhaps insanity. In sorrowful silence their fall is concealed by their friends, but if the whole truth were known, the picture of woe would embrace a member of almost every family. Many a son has caused the agony of a father, who was too well convinced that he alone was to blame. For, from the infancy of the boy, he was accustomed to consider wine-drinking as a necessary accomplishment; upon going forth into society, the intoxicating cup was given him with the sanction—almost *recommendation*, of his parent. From a natural and implanted prejudice, from a constant leaning upon and looking up to the father, the son's mind imperceptibly takes the tinge of his opinions and feeling, and may be moulded by him in almost any manner: too soon, then, does he obey this virtual command to go forth and be a drunkard—too soon he needs no teacher in this point of etiquette, and scorns the efforts of those who would win him from his infatuation. And hence arises this most solemn duty of giving to their children, the representatives of themselves, far different passports into life—of allowing the light of reform to have access to their hearts, ere they become wholly hardened and incorrigible.

The influential classes owe the performance of these duties to *society*. For, in the first place, they have no *right* to injure their fellow-citizens by a persistence in this custom. It would be useless at this time to go into an argument upon the benefits resulting from our social connections, or upon the abstract question as to how much of his natural rights were given up by the individual, in order to secure such benefits. Sufficient to state the truism that upon his entry into society, or continuance in it, every individual virtually contracts, in consideration of the protection given to his person and property, to abstain from injuring the body politic, and to give it his support. Such duties are not and cannot all be laid down in the statute-book; yet, though less specific, they are as fully implied and equally binding as positive laws. However much men may neglect such an obligation, it ever exists, though it cannot be legally enforced. Part and parcel of it is the demand of the temperance reform to cease from further injury—to be no longer an obstacle to this scheme for the elevation of society. That her demand is founded upon truth, no one who has looked into the history of temperance movements can fail to perceive. Every one will remember with what a full tide of enthusiastic success, the Washingtonian principles spread through this country. But upon a large majority of those called the influential classes, these principles did not act; coldly and unsympathizingly they held themselves aloof from any participation. Now, in such an effort as this, nothing causes so much discouragement as the withdrawal of the countenance of any portion of the community. The temperance movement is essentially one of mutual encouragement and assistance; and, like religion, requires for its promotion the temporary forgetfulness of all social ranks and divisions.—At such a time, when the strong electric current of sympathy and endeavor is broken by the secession of any class, the warmth and zeal of effort is checked, and coldness and apathy ensue. The erring ones, however softened by contrition and ready to forsake the enslaving custom, when they see the number who hang back, and look with cold indifference or scorn upon the cause, are discouraged from continuing their efforts for reform. The more hardened, who from very shame might have yielded, are encouraged by this secession to persist in their evil courses.—Particularly is this the case when this disconnecting class is prominent; for the more respectable a man is in other respects, the more frequently is his name cited and his example noticed. Thus, perhaps, without intending it, the influential moderate drinker not only refuses his own name, but prevents many others from the performance of right.

Again, the influential moderate drinkers constantly keep alive in society a custom which, but for them, would in a great measure cease, and die like many other kindred habits of darker times for we cannot believe that there is sufficient of fascination in the drinking of the drugged and dirty concoctions of the bar-room and groggery, to offer much temptation to the inexperienced youth. With principles not fully developed, will not firmly established, he comes forth and mingles in the crowd. At first view, such scenes of dissipation, accompanied as they usually are by vulgar exhibitions of the most repulsive qualities of humanity, shock the natural feelings, and do not greatly charm the mind. But in a far more potent manner the temptation presents itself. He could easily withstand the merely animal appetite, but the custom of society is quoted to him; he looks into the world of literature, and finds drinking recommended as the very source of good-fellowship, and the first glass is wreathed for him with the smiles of the fair, or the almost equally powerful gushings forth of friendship and sociality. Initiated into the vile habit, step by step he descends the scale, until he becomes a constant visitant of the haunts he once abhorred, and he falls a victim to the example of the influential classes. This is no uncommon case; it is thus that the list of the drunkards is kept full, and hence we say that no one has a right to injure society by his evil example or influence.

SWEDENBORG AND SPINOZA.

We have just been reading quite a remarkable pamphlet of 36 pages by an officer in the United States Army. It is called, "The Doctrines of Spinoza and Swedenborg Indentified; so far as they claim a scientific ground." The body of the pamphlet can interest none but those who have a turn for severe metaphysical inquiries. We have no idea who the author is, but he is evidently a man of a clear, exact, discriminating mind, and fully competent to the work which he has undertaken in which he has thrown more light on the character, and claims of Swedenborg than we have before found within the same compass.

The "Ethics" of Spinoza was first published in 1577, the "True Christian Religion" of Swedenborg, in 1771, nearly two hundred years later.

The writer before us shows, by extracts from the works of the two philosophers, a very striking similarity in their fundamental principles, concerning *God; things or modes; kinds of knowledge; Salvation;* and this similarity in their fundamental principles is shown to exist also in some remarkable particulars. We cannot follow the writer through this part of his work without carrying our readers into the sublimest depths of the *real* Transcendental Philosophy, not the shallow naturalism among us which takes upon itself that august name. Having therefore in this summary manner stated only the results, we give the concluding portions of the pamphlet, as preparing the way for what we incline to think will prove the true explanation of the *phenomena* of Swedenborg.

"I presume it will hardly be questioned by any one that a very close and manifest similarity has been shown, by the foregoing extracts, between the doctrines of Swedenborg, and Spinoza, so far as they appeal to our natural faculties. The dissimilarities between the two men may be still greater in the estimation of some, though it is not easy to see how men, whose ground-work, in a scientific point of view, is so nearly the same, can very widely separate from each other without subjecting one of the parties at least to the charge of inconsequentiality or inconsistency. Spinoza certainly made no claim to any peculiar insight into the spiritual world; no claim beyond the power of man's natural faculties; and it may be doubted whether the admirers of Swedenborg do not claim for him more than he ever claimed for himself, by no means an unusual case. * * * * *

There are three opinions with respect to Swedenborg's claims to intercourse with the spiritual world, entitled to consideration.

1st. The followers or admirers of Swedenborg, for the most part, believe that he was actually inspired by God, in an especial manner, for a divine purpose; and the most intelligent among them defend this opinion, not by an appeal to miracles or outward signs, but by an appeal to the truths disclosed by him, which they think of such a character, that man in a state of nature could not have discovered them, though they affirm that men may, by their natural faculties, perceive and recognize their truth. It is therefore strictly by what is called an internal argument, that Swedenborg's pretensions are defended. This might be answered by an appeal to Spinoza's Ethics, where most assuredly the scientific grounds of Swedenborg were anticipated by nearly two hundred years, as must be evident from the foregoing extracts.

2d. Another opinion has been presented in a systematic form by Herder, who supposes that Swedenborg's fancy had been so long and so intensely indulged in a particular direction, that its subjective operations became to him unconsciously objective: that, without the smallest intention to deceive others, he gave out that he had intercourse with the spiritual world, and talked with spiritual beings, while in fact he only held conversations with his own spirit, the operations of which became objective to him. Hence he made Cicero and other ancient philosophers, as Herder intimates talk Swedenborgianism.

3d. There is still one other opinion, which has not yet had time to make its way in the world, that of Rossetti, a learned and ingenious professor of Italian literature in King's College, England. Rossetti supposes that a secret society has existed in Italy, embracing members in every part of Europe, since as far back at least as A. D. 1000: that this society was composed of the most learned and scientific men, whose intelligence was in advance of the world, enabling them to see the errors of the Roman church, which however by its power controlled and restrained these men from the free expression of their opinions: that, in consequence of this, the literary men of those ages avoided persecution, imprisonment and death, by the use of a conventional language, the exoteric or outward import of which appeared friendly to the party in power, while its esoteric or secret meaning was in direct hostility to the church, and so clearly understood by the initiated. Rossetti has employed great ingenuity in explaining the writings of Dante, Petrach, Boccacio, and others, in conformity with his theory; and he intimates a rather decided opinion, that Swedenborg was a member of that society, which he thinks *is still in existence.* Rossetti asks, with a good deal of point, in reference to Swedenborg, "Has the thought never occurred to any one, that the man who displays so much vigor in a variety of works on poetry, philosophy, mathematics, and natural history, and who speaks continually of the language of correspondence, which gives a secret meaning to the smallest trifle, on the system of the ancient schools of the East, which he lauds to the skies; that a man, in short, who even in his most extravagant fits, displays an immense store of sacred and profane learning, and an uncommon share of penetration, designedly concealed a profound meaning under his delusive language? Whoever reads his works, and attentively weighs his words, will see the real meaning of the language, which did him so much discredit, as well as of his journeys to heaven and hell, and his conversations with the angels and demons; and will finally perceive that the ravings of the madman explain the fictions of the sage." [Disquisitions on the Anti-papal Spirit which produced the Reformation, &c. by Gabrielli Rossetti, translated by Miss Ward, vol 2, p. 177.]

* * * * *

It is worthy of note, that in several of his works Swedenborg has drawn a line of separation between his scientific views of what are called "relations," not exactly *revelations.* That this separation was deliberately made, with some special design, we may be sure, by a letter from Swedenborg to the Danish ambassador, to be found at page 173 of Swedenborg's Life, Boston ed. 1845, in which, referring to the Apoc. Rev. he says, "In the same work are inserted various memorable relations of my intercourse with the spiritual world: they are separated from the text of the work by asterisks, and are to be found at the end of the explication of each chapter." The same arrangement was made of the relations in his work, entitled, "True Christian Religion."

Why did Swedenborg make the separation so plainly between the scientific view and the relations? Did he consider the one natural, the other supernatural? His followers seem to think he made such a distinction, but we have his own express declaration to the contrary. To M. Venator he writes, "I send to-day my reply to the letter which his highness, your prince, has recently sent to me: and by his orders, I speak to him of the conversations which I have had with two personages in the spiritual world. But these conversations, as well as that between the queen of Sweden and her brother, when he was living, which was made known to me by him in the spiritual world, ought by no means to be regarded as miracle." Life p 178.

To the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, he writes; "That which is reported of the daughter of the prince Margrave in Sweden, is a fiction, invented by some foolish novelist, and I never even heard of it before. As to that which is related of the brother of the queen of Sweden, it is entirely true; but it should not be regarded as a miracle," &c. Life, page 176.

To Dr. Oetinger, in 1767, he writes: "To your interrogation, *whether there is occasion for any sign that I am sent by the Lord to do what I do?* I answer, that at this day no signs or miracles will be given, because they compel only an external belief, but do not convince the internal. What did the miracles avail in Egypt, or among the Jewish nation, who nevertheless crucified the Lord?" Life, page 43.

In the same letter, he says, "Why from a *philosopher have I been chosen to this office?* Unto which I give for answer, to the end that the spiritual knowledge, which is revealed at this day, might be rationally learned, and naturally understood; because spiritual truths answer unto natural ones, inasmuch as these originate and flow from them." Life, p. 44.

He says to M. Venator, referring to his work, *The True Christian Religion*, "You may see in the work above-mentioned, that there are no more miracles at this time; and the reason why it is, that they who do not believe because they see no miracles, might easily by them be led into fanaticism." Life, 178.

From the above passages, one point seems quite clear, that Swedenborg made no pretension to miraculous knowledge. We are bound therefore to give a rational interpretation to what he writes, or deny that it has any "significance for us."

As a further proof that Swedenborg did not regard his revelations of the spiritual world, and of "Representations and Correspondences," as miraculous, but merely natural, I would refer to the Animal Kingdom, vol. 1, p. 451, where, in a note to a merely philosophical allusion in the text to the "symbolical representation of spiritual life in corporeal life," and to a "perpetual typical representation of the soul in the body," he says: "In our doctrine of representations and correspondences, we shall treat of both these symbolical and typical representations, and of the astonishing things which occur, I will not say in the living body only, but throughout nature, and which correspond so

philosopher! Then of him, as of the astronomer, it may be said, that "few can attain his knowledge, and few practise his virtues; but all may suffer his calamity."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JANUARY 2, 1847.

NEW YEAR.

We most heartily wish to our readers a happy New Year. May their hopes all be such as Christians may innocently indulge, and may they all be gratified. Health, wealth and friends be with them, and what is better still, may the coming year be endeared to them by pure affections and desires. May their hearts grow better, their minds more richly stored, their faith more firm, and, if sorrows must be their portion, may they so receive them as to turn them into holiest blessing. While honors are so fleeting, and riches take to themselves wings, and youth, beauty and friends vanish so soon away, may we all, by kind deeds and devout affections, lay up for ourselves those treasures which cannot be taken away from us, cherish those friendships which death shall not destroy, and live that life of God in the soul, which shall be crowned with everlasting youth.

MR. FOSDICK'S THANKSGIVING SERMON ON TEMPERANCE.

[This article was written for our last week's paper.]

What Mr. Fosdick has attempted in this discourse, is just the most difficult thing that he could undertake; and if he has not succeeded perfectly, it must be attributed more to the difficulty of the undertaking than to any want of ability in him. After some very good remarks, showing the manner in which general terms are often narrowed down by the usage of particular places, times, sects and parties, he considers this subject particularly with reference to the use of the word "*Temperance*" which he would apply in its true signification, to Slavery, to Intemperance "narrowly so called," to War and to the subject of Poverty. On all these he thinks, and, we have no doubt, rightly thinks, that there is a great deal of intemperate speech, sentiment and action. There is force in most of what he says, especially in respect to the intemperance of assault upon the characters of men, which has entered so largely into much of the Philanthropy of our day. At the same time, we much doubt, whether this sort of caution was precisely the kind of preaching most needed by those whom Mr. Fosdick's words are most likely to reach and to influence. We have sometimes thought that if some Congregations, which now have no intercourse with each other, could only exchange ministers now and then;—if the Melodeon, for example, could exchange for the greater part of the year with some of the most conservative societies in the city, each society would receive a good deal of food, not so agreeable to the taste as what it now has, but perhaps more applicable to its wants. There is a vast amount of wonderfully bold preaching (especially by those who profess to have the greatest courage) against what are supposed to be the sins of other congregations. This is the distinguishing feature of the "Sermon of the Perishing Classes," to which Mr. Fosdick particularly alludes, and we are not quite sure that he has entirely avoided the same error, though he assumes less the air of a bold martyr.

With this and other exceptions, which perhaps, weigh more with us than they ought, from a knowledge of the peculiarity of Mr. Fosdick's position, we should say of the sermon, that it is a plain, manly, sincere discourse. We have no doubt that he utters what he believes, and because he believes it. His style is simple and direct, and it certainly requires some courage at this day to say what he has said.

Another thing has perplexed us somewhat at times, in respect to which we are inclined to think that Mr. Fosdick is wrong. When we see drowning men struggling for life, we are not very nice about the means of saving them. We may throw them a plank covered with mud, and without asking any questions as to the ownership. So we have felt in respect to the intemperate. We see men destroying body and soul; and other men, with violent and almost frantic efforts, are struggling to save them. Hundreds are thus drawn out from the burning gulf. But in the effort many well-dressed men upon the shore are pushed aside, and their garments soiled, because they will stand there in the way, supplying fuel for the lake of fire. And some even who are only passive spectators, are rudely treated by these earnest men, who are so wholly intent on saving those who are perishing. We see what is wrong here. We do not approve of all that is done. Harsh words are spoken and injudicious movements are made. But what shall we do? Stop and criticise, or wish these resolute men God speed, and if we have not the strength to aid, at least do nothing to embarrass them? We must say that this is the course which we have felt it our duty to adopt, and a hundred times we have reproached ourselves for our remissness, where we have once felt ourselves wrong in going too far. We assent to the truth of almost every stricture which Mr. Fosdick makes. But still they should be only casual strictures, while the whole strength of Christian men is thrown into the cause of progress and reform.

We have spoken of one evil. The same remark applies to all, though to the others with less force. We do not agree with what are called ultra views on peace. In our own efforts, we cannot go all lengths with them, but fee ourselves bound to discriminate, and to present such modified views as we honestly believe to be true. But when we see how strong and violent the war spirit is, how it runs through everything, and is threatening to lead us into a reckless career of conquest and crime, we do not feel like stopping to rebuke those, who, in the spirit of those excellent men are carrying out the views of Noah Worcester and William Ladd. Rather would we cheer them on their way, while we go on in ours, sure that so far as we are faithful to our best convictions, our labors, though erring in many things, will yet be overruled to the advancement of the cause which we all have at heart.

So also in respect to Slavery. A great many things we disapprove in those who, by way of eminence, are called *the* Abolitionists. Much in the tone of their writings, and in the measures by which they would now reach their end, is not only distasteful to us, but is such that we cannot work with them. We would remonstrate with them in respect to some things, and beseech them to consider again whither they are going. But when we see how sound the sleep of our countrymen is in reference to this tremendous curse, which every year is growing upon us, and which, more than all other causes combined, threatens us with misrule, disunion and civil war, we are not sure, but that these harsh, ungracious tones, and the disorganizing measures proposed by the Abolitionists, are the only things that could rouse us from our death-like slumber, and open our eyes to see the advancing evil that we may roll back its destructive tide before it has quite overwhelmed us. We may utter now and then a word of remonstrance to them, but we have the same great end in view, and would spend our strength in laboring according to our own conscientious convictions for the removal of the evil.

These remarks are rather suggested by Mr. Fosdick's Sermon than directly applicable to it. They express imperfectly the mode of action into which we have been gradually brought and which we find in practice has given us the greatest satisfaction. We call ourselves conservative, and believe that we are so both from temperament and from thoughtful conviction. But in this great conflict of the age, between the hoary crimes of society and the reformers of our time, we would a thousand times rather be the apologists of the latter with all their excesses and coarseness than say a word in behalf of those who would uphold the former. There is extravagance on both sides;—on the one side the extravagance of those who would burn down the city, to destroy the pestilence which is wasting the lives of its citizens, and on the other side, the extravagance of those, who will permit the fatal disease to prey upon themselves and their children, rather than forego for a day the comforts and elegances of life. We do not believe in either, but if we must join one or the other, "destroy," we would say, "our dwellings, but spare our lives; nay, destroy both property and life, but save our souls from death." Where great national sins are concerned, we would rather be placed anywhere than with those who defend them. And yet he who presents a calm, dispassionate view of things as they are, performs an acceptable service and should receive our thanks.

GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW YORK.

Our readers will be interested in this new movement. How far it may extend in the Roman Catholic Church we are unable to conjecture. We cannot believe that a system so entirely at variance with our political institutions and with all our habits of thought, as the Romish, should ever without a sad degeneracy on the part of our people, become the predominant religion of the country, and we cannot be surprised, that many foreigners, who once lived naturally in that communion, should on coming here, have their eyes opened to its corruptions, and come out into a freer atmosphere. We know nothing of the character of the men engaged in this new movement. But we like the articles of agreement which they have put forth, and are a little surprised that several Orthodox papers, as, e. g. the New York Evangelist, should profess to be satisfied with them. They are as follows, and seem to us to contain the essence of liberal Congregationalism:

"We therefore declare ourselves free from the Pope and the hierarchy, from all Romish compulsion in matters of faith, and the unchristian conduct connected therewith; and we acknowledge as the basis of Christian faith only and alone the Holy Scriptures, the understanding and interpretation of which is freely given to reason, penetrated and awakened by Christian contemplation.

Declaration—I—We reject the following:

1. The doctrine, that the Pope is the visible head of the Church standing in the place of Jesus Christ, and we repel in advance all concessions which may possibly be made by the hierarchy to subject the Free Church again to her yoke.

2. We reject the doctrines that by ordination there is conferred upon the priests any special elevated dignity above the laity, and that, by virtue of the same, authority is given them over faith and doctrine, over the consciences and the opinions of men.

3. We reject the constrained celibacy of the clergy, as an ordinance not founded upon the Holy Scriptures, but rather a contrivance devised by the Popes for their domineering purposes.

4. We reject auricular confession.

5. We renounce the invocation of Saints, the worship of relics and images.

6. We reject indulgencies, fasts, pilgrimages, and all such hitherto appointed church regulations, which can only lead to an empty self-righteousness.

7. We reject the docrine of Pugatory.

But we freely profess the following well established tenets of the gospel.

II. Confession of Faith.

1. As the general substance of our belief we adopt the following creed:

We believe in God the Father, who through His Almighty word created the world, and rules it in wisdom, righteousness and love. We believe in Jesus Christ our Savior. We believe in the Holy Spirit, a holy universal Christian church, the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting. Amen.

2. We assign to the church individually the duty of bringing the import of our faith to a living Christian development adapted to the times.

3. We allow entire freedom of conscience, the free investigation and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, with no recognized external authority; we abominate especially all coercion, all hypocrisy, and all lying, and therefore find in the diversity of views and readings of our doctrinal basis no ground for division and denunciation. We hold our creed subject to a deeper scrutiny of Holy Scripture, founded on the development and influence of the Holy Spirit.

4. We acknowledge on the authority of Holy Scriptures only two sacraments instituted by Christ, *Baptism and the Supper*; but as church institutions in the spirit of the Gospel, *Confirmation* (reception into the congregation by a confession of faith on arriving at years of discretion;—the laying on of hands with prayer) *die Busse—Repentance* (prayer for the forgiveness of sins); *der Priesterweiche* (ordination; laying on of hands with prayer); *Marriage* and preparation for death (with prayer.)

5. Baptism shall be administered to children with the expectation that it will be followed by a ratification of the Confession of Faith (Confirmation) on their arriving at the age of discretion.

6. The Lord's Supper shall be partaken of by the congregation as it was instituted by Christ, in both kinds.

7. We recognize marriage as a holy binding rite, and retain for it the Church's blessing; yet we acknowledge no other conditions and limitations than such as are fixed by the laws of the State.

8. We believe and declare that it is the first duty of the Christian to manifest his faith by works of Christian love."

We should be willing to unite with any religious body on this doctrinal basis.

Christian Examiner for Jan. 1847. We have barely had time to turn over the promising pages of this No. of this very able and valuable work.

A friend, in a private letter says,—

"I have been lately into Vermont, and I am deeply possessed with the idea that we need some Joseph Barker to go into the field, and break up the fallow ground. We want an itinerant speaker, a preaching missionary, to go through the length and breadth of the land. He should preach any where and every where, as occasion offered and circumstances permitted. He should carry with him a cargo of our books and tracts. He might, as the saying is, distribute any number of Channing's Works. He would found some new societies, but more than that, he would leaven the minds of the multitude with a new and glorious view of Christianity of which they have had no glimpse before. He would saturate the other denominations with a new spirit. He would set men to thinking and talking, and agitate is the order of the day, and a good order too. Where is your Joseph Barker? He is needed, and it is said that the supply will always equal the demand. Send him forth, and he will do a work that will bless myriads of immortal beings."

Where, we too would ask, shall such a man be found?

HYMNS AND SACRED POETRY. V.

Gems of Sacred Poetry is the title of a work in two volumes published seven or eight years ago in London. The second volume we do not value much; but the first which is made up from the older English poets, is the best selection of the kind that we have fallen in with. We have never felt the inferiority of our modern to the old English poetry so much as in comparing these two volumes. There is a distilled sweetness like the invisible perfume of the most delicate flowers, a fineness like the polish of nature, which is not made but grows, about those old poems, such as we find nothing of in our day. We have many pretty poems, on Ministering Spirits, some carrying out the idea very fully. But where shall we find such lines as Spenser has written!

And is there care in heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is,—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But, oh! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro
To serve to wicked men, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us, that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly God to man have such regard!

Giles Fletcher died in 1623, having been cotemporary with Shakspeare. We are not sure that we should find patience to read his two poems, *Christ's Triumph on Earth, and Christ's Victory in Heaven*, through; but we are sure that no poet of our day has so exquisitely expressed the joys of heaven.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
No sweet consent, or well-tuned harmony;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite,
Or flowery odor mixed with spicery;
No soft embrace or pleasure bodily;
And yet it is a kind of inward feast,
A harmony that sounds within the breast,
An odor, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

A heavenly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in every place;
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace
That no satiety can e'er unlace;
Ingraced into so high a favor there,
The saints with their beaupeers whole worlds outwear,
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, though great is cause of greater gains;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains
Among those white flocks and celestial trains
That feed upon their Shepherd's eyes, and frame
That heavenly music of so wondrous fame,
Psalming aloud the holy honors of his name!

We do not conceive that language borrowed, like all that we now have, from the senses, can go any farther in describing the spiritual sympathy and enjoyments which bind together the pure inhabitants of heaven.

There is no one of all our old religious poets whom we fancy so much as Henry Vaughan.—We hardly know anything of him beyond what we find in this volume. He was born in 1621, and died in 1695, and was eminent both as a poet and a physician. Two of his poems, *Early Rising and Prayer, and Heaven in Prospect*, each almost perfect in its way, we have published within the last year. His other poems are not quite equal to these, but they have passages of uncommon beauty, as, for example in the following, which he calls *The Retreat*.

Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place,
Appointed for my second race.
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought:
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love;
And, looking back at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of bright his face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity:
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound;
Or had the black art to dispense,
A several sin to every sense;
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
Oh! how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees;
But, oh! my soul, with too much stay,
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came return.

The conclusion is lame, but where—not excepting the works of William Wordsworth himself—where shall we find so pure and so glorious a picture of childhood?

When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

We love to dwell on lines like these till they have become a part of our life. And so with the lines,

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

How does the very body become transfigured and glorified through the divine kindlings of the soul! And how affecting the transition!

Oh how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
* * * * *
But Oh! my soul, with too much stay,
Is drunk and staggers by the way.

How many of us are in this condition? We have wandered so far from our first love, and with too much stay among inferior thing are so intoxicated, that we cannot walk firmly away, even to that which we know to be our highest good. And few of us have ever so clear a vision as is here given of what we should be. We say nothing of the philosophy of this poem. The beauty of the poem, as such, and its appeal to our better nature, are altogether independent of the Platonic idea of preexistence, on which it is based.

Ben Johnson would hardly be numbered among the social poets, but what shall we say of lines like these in his *Eupheme's Mind*!

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had storked the air;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know with what thou art possessed;
Thou entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, makest God thy guest.

We quote but one passage more from him.—It is *The good Life, long Life.*

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log, at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

But this is coming down from the strain with which we began, and we close our article with an extract from Francis Quarles, whose head was full of odd fancies and conceits, but who had nevertheless the soul of a true Christian and a poet. We feel always a yearning towards him, and still more towards the fountain from which he drew his inspiration, as we read his lines.

HOPE IN GOD.

In thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul respires.
Thou art the fulness of my choice desires;
Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
In streams to him that seeks with holy thirst.
Thrice happy man, thrice happy thirst, to bring
Thy fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring;
Thrice happy he, whose well-resolved breast
Expects no other aid, no other rest;
Thrice happy he, whose downy age has been
Reclaimed by scourges from the pride of sin,
And early seasoned with the taste of truth,
Remembers his Creator in his youth.

For the Register.

THE APOSTOLIC EPISTLES.

In treating of the apostolic epistles, the first question that offers itself concerns their authority. In what light are we to regard the views of truth and duty which they present? How far may they be considered as a medium, through which we may attain a clearer knowledge of the law and will of God?

This question of course involves that of their genuineness, the arguments for which could hardly be given in detail in the columns of the Register, in a form, in which they could instruct or edify. The case stands thus. There are as good and sufficient reasons for believing that Paul wrote the epistles that bear his name, (exclusive of that to the Hebrews,) and that Peter and John wrote, each the first epistle bearing his name, as there are for believing that Virgil wrote his Æneid or Lucan his Pharsalia. These writings may be traced back by a numerous and unbroken series of quotations, references and attestations almost to the age, when they are supposed to have been written, without a single expression of doubt as to their apostolic origin. They are distinctly mentioned as indisputably the works of Paul, Peter and John by writers, who lived early enough to know whether their genuineness had ever been called in question, and who expressly distinguish between the undisputed, disputed and spurious works, bearing apostolic names. The epistle to the Hebrews is ascribed to the same era by the same writers, though in proportion to their nearness to that age, they express the stronger doubts as to its authorship, and give us ample reason for believing that it was written neither by Paul, nor by any one of the twelve, though probably by some one of their companions and co-adjutors. The second epistle of Peter, the second and third of John, and those of James and Jude are spoken of by the same writers as in their opinion the works of the men whose names they bear, and as generally so received and regarded, though with some doubt. The attestations to their genuineness are sufficiently early, distinct and numerous, to settle the question in the affirmative with regard to any writings of merely secondary importance. Admitting them to have been genuine, there are obvious reasons why they might have been received with hesitation in some quarters. The epistles of James, Jude and the second of Peter, not being addressed to particular churches, had not, like those of Paul, communities of Christians, whose property they were, and who were therefore able to vouch for them as genuine; and the same remark holds good of the second and third of John, which were addressed to private individuals, to whose custody it might in a very few years have become difficult to trace them back. And while their general reception attaches a high degree of probability to their apostolic authority, the discrimination made between them and the other epistles by writers, who themselves received them all as alike genuine, places the genuineness of the rest beyond the shadow of a doubt. We should not indeed feel ourselves authorized to appeal to those which fell in the least short of universal reception, for the actual opinions of their reputed authors, with the same confidence, with which we should to the others; but, as they present no peculiar views of doctrine or duty, and accord with the tone of the writings undoubtedly apostolic, their general reception by the early church, to our minds at least, entirely neutralizes the very slight and vague doubts as to their authorship, which seem to have existed in the minds of some.

Admitting the genuineness of these epistles as a whole, we next inquire how far we may place implicit reliance on them as expositions of Christian doctrine. Had their authors adequate knowledge of the mind of Christ? Did they enjoy peculiar divine illumination as expositors of Christian truth? Three of them, Peter, James and John, were our Savior's most intimate associates, and must have been more entirely pervaded and filled with his spirit than any other human beings. They had beheld their Master in agony and in glory, in Gethsemane and on the Mount of Transfiguration,—on those occasions, when all the rest were left behind. They had heard his most confidential communications, had been with him in his private hours, and must have been most intimately conversant with his doctrine and his character. Then too, they and Jude also were partakers of his promise of divine aid and guidance as teachers of his religion,—as teachers, we must necessarily infer, by the pen, no less than by the living voice. We may then rely on their statements of truth and duty as in full accordance with the mind and will of Christ.

St. Paul also, if a sane and honest man, which none can doubt, enjoyed like divine aid. He professes to have received special illumination from heaven. Such is unquestionably the import of the following passages. "The Gospel, which was preached of me, is not after man; for I neither received it of man, nor was I taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." "Which things we preach, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but in the words which the holy spirit teacheth." "If any man think himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things which I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." Again, speaking of his system of doctrine, he says,—"Ye received it not as the word of man, but, as it is in truth, the word of God." And again, in a similar connection,—"He that despiseth, despiseth not man, but God, who hath also given unto us his holy spirit."

There seems to have been an intrinsic need for the inspiration, which these writers claim for themselves. Jesus did not remain on earth long enough to meet the varieties of individual religious experience, and to train his disciples to mature faith and piety. He left indeed a finished work,—an entire system of faith and duty, and a commentary upon it of inestimable value in his own godlike character. But he had not the opportunity to apply these great principles to the more minute details of the religious life and progress. It was therefore needful that the guiding spirit from the Father should remain with his Apostles, to teach them all things as to the details of that spiritual life, the principles of which he had unfolded, to bring back to their remembrance, at the right time and with the true application, what he had said and done without their clearly understanding him, and thus to perfect them in his own image and spirit.

This *a priori* argument gains new strength, when we consider the wide and almost inconceivable contrast between these Epistles and the residue of the early Christian writings extant out of the canon of the New Testament, some of which bear the names of personal friends and followers of the Apostles, and, whether genuine or not, must belong to the age next succeeding the apostolic. The most edifying of these contain much that is puerile and absurd,—much that would settle in the negative, without dispute or division, the question whether their authors were inspired. The highest degree of veneration, that has ever been paid to the apostolic writings, cannot separate them from the best other writings of the primitive days of the Church by broader marks of distinction, than show themselves on the very face of the respective works. Yet, had the Apostles been left with no larger measure of divine illumination than those other writers had, we can hardly believe that the difference would have been so striking and decisive.

We propose in the next number to illustrate the use of the apostolic epistles for instruction in the Christian life, and will now barely ask the attention of our readers to the service which they render to the evidences of Christianity. Their whole tenor goes to establish their own genuineness, and with it the truth of the Gospel history. We find discussed throughout the Epistles such questions as must needs have come up in the course of Christian experience,—cases of conscience, questions of duty, scruples of the morbidly conscientious, questions appertaining to Christian toleration and fellowship, and as to the marks and tests of Christian character and progress,—in fine, such questions as devout minds all over Protestant Christendom are asking at the present day. Such questions and discussions we do not find in the Gospels, and we just begin to find them in the Acts of the Apostles. In the Gospels we find the elements, the fundamental principles of Christianity, the great doctrines and the cardinal duties of the spiritual life, in the form in which they needed to be first delivered to those, who were just coming out of darkness into light; and the questions, which are there asked, discussed and answered, are such as could have been asked only by the merest novices. Now this must have been precisely the case, if the New Testament history be authentic. According to that history, the Apostles were still in the first stages of religious progress when their Master left them. But in the interval between his ascension and the date of their Epistles, they had not only attained the "stature of the perfect in Christ Jesus," but had made thousands of converts who were fast approaching that stature. They had therefore occasion to treat of every subject of discussion, which could be suggested by a progressive religious experience, an awakened and tender conscience, an earnestness to know the distinctions and limitations of duty, or a tendency to adulterate Christianity with Jewish or Pagan alloy. Now, as to the dates of their composition, the Gospels and the Epistles alternate with each other, so that, if the Gospels were fabrications, they would undoubtedly have alluded to the points of disputation of which the Epistles are full. But the Gospels and Epistles are thus distinct from each other as to their materials,—the former laying the foundations of religious experience, the latter recognizing it in its various stages and conditions. The Epistles prove that the seed of the word had sprung up and borne fruit,—that the great principles of Christianity had been received as we now receive them, and had become the basis of just the same modes of thought and feeling, the same doubts and inquiries as they occasion in modern Christendom,—that there were in those early days very much the same types of piety and the same forms of mistaken piety that there are now,—in fine, that, at the date of these writings, Christianity was established, that is, had its clearly defined existence as a religion received and cherished by multitudes, had its spiritual history, its attached disciples, its recognized laws and standards. As we can, by ample testimony, carry the authorship of these Epistles back as far as the close of the first century, they thus furnish demonstrative evidence that Christianity was promulgated and established as early as Christians generally believe it to have been; otherwise there would not have been time for the growing up of the state of things, without which the Epistles could never have been written.

A. P. P.

*** An article signed "Titus", written with a pencil on blue paper may be very good, but we cannot read it. We should be glad to supply the writer with pen and ink.

For the Register.

MY AGED GRANDFATHER.

A few days ago my aged grandfather paid me a visit. I was surprised at his appearance. He was very old, very poor, entirely blind, and almost deaf. What an object of pity! I contrasted his situation, with my own, and blushed that I was no more thankful. Yet, with all his privations he was cheerful, contented and happy. I never heard one word of murmuring, or complaint. But solitary and in darkness, he had lived on, from day to day, for ten long years, without one ray of hope, that he should ever again open his eyes to the beauties of nature.

To me his life was a mystery. I could hardly conceive how a person deprived of so many of the blessings of life, could be cheerful and happy. I watched him, to discover the secret of his happiness. When he thought himself alone, I perceived he was constantly talking. Judge of my surprise when I found he was constantly repeating aloud chapters in the Bible. My curiosity was excited. I asked him if he talked with himself when alone? "Oh yes!" said he. "I have two or three chapters in the Bible which I repeat to myself when I am alone. They are all the comfort which I have now I am blind. There are a few chapters which I learned when I was a boy. And oh!" said he, his eyes filling with tears, "how I wish I had learned more of them. I thought then I should never need them. But how doubly dark to me would be the world, if I did not know them." He paused, and I retired to meditate upon the lesson, he had taught me. Few can imagine the impression it had on my mind.

I then thought of our many Sabbath school children, who Sunday after Sunday meet their teachers to learn truths from the Bible, little thinking how much they will prize them, when they become old. My own resolution was soon formed. I resolved to study to know more and more of the Bible, that when I became blind and deaf, I could shut my eyes and ears to the scenes of this world, without a murmur, and hold communion with my Maker, in another, and a better.

Bolton. R.

For the Register.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Should any thing be done to awaken a greater interest and produce a greater activity and life in our churches?

Our churches are, comparatively speaking cold, inactive, little disposed to take that deep interest in that great cause of Christian advancement, and holy living, which the age, and the cause of pure and undefiled religion demands. Their minds are too much engrossed in the cares and interests of the world, to make that true spiritual progress, which will make them the lights of the world, and faithful followers of the meek and humble Jesus. They do not seem willing to make those personal sacrifices, which every disciple is called to make that they may grow in knowledge and grace, and build up in their souls a spiritual temple for the indwelling of the holy spirit. Too many of our churches seem to act as if they have done all their duty, when they have produced means to sustain the Christian ministry, and they attend when it is convenient upon the ministrations of his word. They do not think that prayer, reading the Scriptures, and devout meditation are necessary for them, but they will live just as far from a true Christian life as they can, and not be considered as worldlings and unbelievers.

I say that this is too much the appearance, and I believe it is too much the true condition of many of our churches. They have a name to live but they are dead—spiritually dead. They worship God in the form, but not in the spirit. They go to church not so much to have their inner man refreshed and invigorated, and brought into a healthy activity to receive food for their souls, as to transact some business that relates to their worldly concerns, to talk about the news of the day, of politics, and money making matters, and a thousand other things that have no relation to the great interests of the soul's salvation. How unprofitable; how much worse than useless are many of the sacred seasons of the Sabbath spent by many of our professed Christians!—They little think of the immense responsibility that rests upon them. They little think, that they are setting a pernicious, a destructive example before the world, and especially before the unbeliever. They little think that they will be called one day to give a solemn account of their steward-ship. Christians, ye who are thus neglecting your high duties, who are wasting your lives in idleness and spiritual death, remember that you are indulging in a fatal delusion. Remember that God's eye is upon you, and that He will not hold you guiltless for your sinful indifference. Remember the privileges which you enjoy, have required tact, labor and suffering, and that if you abuse these, a fearful reckoning awaits you. Arise then from your stupor, and put on the whole armor of God.—Awake from your slumber, and let the light of God's truth penetrate your souls, and move you to action. Stifle not the spirit of God, that will quicken you to renewed activity and a holy life. Be not deceived on this momentous subject.—Arise and let your light shine, that others may see your good works, and take some advancing steps in the divine life. Be no longer a stumbling stone in the Master's service, but let the good work of reformation begin in your own soul, that will lead others to imitate your example, and take hold of eternal life.

The churches should be awakened to their high and imperative duty, by living a holy life, and following in the footsteps of Christ, and imbibing his spirit. And to do this efficiently and effectually the individuals which compose the churches, should be quickened to a renewed activity, and a yearning after spiritual growth.—The minister of the everlasting Gospel should preach Jesus in all its power and truthfulness, that will make them feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin and turn with loathing from it.—Christ's character should be set before them, in all its spotless purity, till they see its loveliness and beauty, and desire to imitate it. The great doctrines which he taught, holiness of heart, purity of life, honesty and integrity of character, and the necessity of a true reformation of their lives and practices if they hope to obtain heaven and spiritual glory, should be presented to them in that burning eloquence which the subject demands. They should be made to feel that they are sinners, and while they are thus neglectful of their highest interests—thus cruelly indifferent to the great subject of true and holy living—thus neglecting God and violating his commands, setting at naught the direct precepts and plain injunctions of the Savior that they are doing an infinite wrong to their own souls, and heaping up wrath against the day of final account. We want more direct and pungent preaching brought home to the hearts and consciences of the individual members of our churches. The great reformation should begin with the preachers of God's word, and they should not fail to declare the whole counsel and teaching of divine truth. They should be true men, ready and willing to rebuke sin and wrong doing, by whomsoever it is practiced, and preach justice, temperance, and a judgment to come, though it called down the displeasure of the ungodly and indifferent upon their heads. By doing this I believe that the church will arise and put on her beautiful garments, and the desert places of our Lord's vineyard will rejoice and blossom as the rose.

S. B.

For the Register.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AT LEICESTER.

At an early hour of Thursday evening, the 24th inst., the members of the Second Congregational Society with many of their friends from the other societies assembled at the public house to commemorate the birth-night of Christianity. The hall secured for the purpose was soon filled to overflowing, so that many could not obtain seats. The first act of the evening was to distribute presents to all the children from an illuminated Christmas Tree. After that, all partook of a collation provided *without charge*. This was followed by singing and addresses. This portion of the services was opened by Rev. Frederick Hinckley who first welcomed all present of every name and party to the pleasures of the occasion; and then dwelt briefly on the results of Christianity, especially as manifested in the increasing comprehension of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, the consequent opposition to war, slavery, intemperance, and all the unrighteous distinctions and practices of society. He closed by offering the following sentiment. "Christianity, a religion whose mission is Peace, whose law is Love: may the time speedily come when its law shall be every where obeyed, and its mission fulfilled." This was responded to by the reading of a letter from Rev. Alfred Barnes of the Universalist denomination. A second sentiment was then offered. "True Christian Union: a union not of the head but the heart." Responses to this were made by Rev. C. C. Mason, Wesleyan Methodist, and Mr. A. Firth, Jr., Superintendent of our Sabbath School. The former contributed much to the pleasure of all by his reminiscences of childhood and the never to be forgotten Christmas Festivities of his native country, England. Mr. F. spoke more particularly of the failure of the recent Evangelical Alliance and of the cause of that failure, its doctrinal basis and its practical denial of Christian principle. After a few remarks by the chairman, alluding to the fact that the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims had just passed, the third and closing sentiment was presented. "The Pilgrims: martyrs for religious freedom." A letter from the former pastor of the society, Rev. Samuel May, Jr., was then read: and after a few farewell words from Mr. Hinckley and singing by the choir, who contributed greatly to our enjoyment, the audience retired highly gratified with the evening's entertainment. F.

For the Register.

MINISTRY AT LARGE.

We recently announced the opening of an Office, under sanction of the Executive Committee of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, for the uses of the Ministry at Large in this city. The position is central, at the corner of Washington and School streets, (entrance from the latter, No. 2,) immediately over Messrs. Ticknor & Co.'s Bookstore. Office hours, as at present arranged, are from 9 to 10 A. M.,—from 12 to 2 P. M.,—and again at 4; when some one of the ministers will be in attendance. In their absence communications and notices may be dropped into their Order Box at the door, and they will receive early and due attention.

Among the responsibilities of their office, that of personal visitation for the purpose of investigating the condition, ascertaining the wants and ministering to the necessities of the suffering poor, especially at this inclement season of the year, is not the least important. The wretchedness of destitution in divers quarters of this city, among great numbers of families and individuals, is far more painful and saddening than is commonly imagined. Numerous affecting instances might be cited, scarcely credible to those who think of Boston as it was, in its late advantageous contrasts with the sufferings and poverty of the cities of the Old World. But those contrasts, already greatly modified, are fast disappearing; whilst the change seems little realized by large masses of our citizens. Enough to say, that if in the pride of opulence we are beginning to vie with the wealthy and luxurious capitals of Europe, so the extremes of poverty may be painfully marked in the opposite, or descending scale, showing at times a depth of destitution which may match some of the worst forms of indigence existing elsewhere, of which till lately we had only heard by the hearing of the ear, but now, alas! the eye seeth them. To the visitor of the poor they are become familiar scenes. They stand out as no dreamy fictions, but dark and fearful realities. The poverty in our midst, great as it is, is annually accumulating. Much of it, no doubt, is the product of vice, aggravated by habits of improvidence and gross recklessness. It is part of the stern wages of sin,—an anticipated measure thereof meted out in this life. Still, a penalty though it be, the penalty of transgression, it is one that should move our tender compassions, nor suffer us, whilst searching for the causes in order to apply the remedy, to neglect the immediate succor demanded for the melioration of existing and absolute distresses. We should keep in mind that the guilty alone do not suffer the punishment entailed. The innocent and unoffending are often involved with them,—helpless infancy, tender childhood, feeble womanhood, grey-haired age being co-partners, though all guiltless, in the miseries which the vices of others may inflict as the bitter fruit of crime.

Then, there are the Poor which must always be with us, because made such by the thousand natural and unavoidable causes of want, which they who are blest with abundance, if they value their responsibilities, may not overlook nor pass with indifference. Cases of this sort are far from being confined to the shelters and haunts of "the stranger that is within our gates." They are to be found in many a dwelling, (alas! the name is Legion,) of our own home-born population; and the spectacles of pining wretchedness which frequently meet us there, are pitiable in the extreme. Now these must be sought

out in order to be known and succored; and to extend the remedy so far as a benevolent public will sustain them, the agents of this Ministry proffer their offices. In doing so, they would fain act as the representatives and supply the places of those who cannot go themselves to the humble abodes of want to learn there the wretchedness which yet they would gladly relieve. Again, where the presence of the former may be requested in scenes of suffering and destitution brought to their notice by the benevolent from any quarter, their attendance will be cheerfully rendered, with such other aid in their power to bestow which the exigency may call for. Intelligence of this kind will be always thankfully received, and will command a ready attention. And whereas among the various applicants for charity, unworthy objects are sometimes found, and the sympathies of the humane are appealed to and their bounty taxed by fictitious pleas of distress; and whereas the question is oft embarrassing whether to give or withhold when conditions and circumstances, despite of appearances, are but things of conjecture,—the ministers at large in conformity with their duty as official Visitors to the Poor, on reference of all such cases of doubt for their examination, will spare no pains to elicit the facts and furnish the information needed. By this means they hope that impositions will be better detected, and the unworthy exposed, and charities be guarded from their too common abuses; whilst the claims of the deserving will be more sure to be made known, and their characters understood and vindicated.

Reference tickets, more expressly prepared to meet the cases last specified, will be shortly ready to be issued from the office to all who may desire them; and a record book will be opened to register the names and other requisite memorials of the various applicants for the charities of this Ministry.

To carry into effect the objects proposed, contributions will be needed and are respectfully asked both from benevolent individuals and charitable societies. Donations not only of funds to the Poor's Purse, but of articles of clothing and other necessaries for the relief of the suffering, will be gratefully received and faithfully applied. The inclemency of the season and the straitened state of the means now at the disposal of this Ministry, induce an earnest immediate appeal for such aid from the charitable, in the assurance that it will not be withheld nor the solicitation addressed in vain. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS. By R. W. Emerson.

We cannot review this book. It defies criticism. We cannot even give an account of it. A thrush or a squirrel at its gambols among the trees, a child in his most active and changeful motds, could not more puzzle a painter trying to catch a portrait. The poems have a family likeness. Some of them are endowed with the profoundest insight, some appear to us like nonsense. And yet we find ourselves enchained by these nonsense lines, unable to lay the book down till they have fastened themselves in our memory, and we go off repeating them with as much delight, and probably with about as much understanding, as the bobalink has in repeating his song. We are not in the habit of committing verses to memory, but nearly the whole of the first poem in this volume, without our intending it, we have repeated to ourselves a hundred times. After repeating, we have sometimes endeavored to explain it, to some of our friends who are lovers of useful knowledge. But we never satisfied any one, nor are we satisfied that we know anything about it ourselves. Yet, we have a sort of impression on our mind, like that which the sun makes upon a cloud, that Mr. Emerson has a finer poetic genius than any other American poet. In some respects, he answers to Mr. Willis's idea of what a poet here should do. He writes "*Niagaresquely.*" His fancies are as strange and wild as this untamed continent.

> Anchored fast for many an age,
> I await the bard and sage,
> Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
> Shall string Monadnoc, like a bead.

We cannot read "Bacchus" without seeming to reel round in a strange delirium.

Mr. Emerson has a comfortable way of looking upon the wrongs which man endures from man, and, while we do what we can, is it not the right way?

> The over-god
> Who marries Right to Might,
> Who peoples, unpeoples,—
> He who exterminates
> Races by stronger races,
> Black by white faces,—
> Knows to bring honey
> Out of the lion;
> Grafts gentlest scion
> On pirate and Turk.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS AND REV. J. H. FAIRCHILD, with notes and comments by a Committee of the Payson Church.

We have no disposition to enter into the merits of this old and disagreeable quarrel. We were content with the verdict of acquittal by the Jury on Mr. Fairchild's trial, and have since then supposed him an innocent man. But a man, who has had the misfortune to be placed before the public in such a position as he has been, cannot afterwards be too modest in bringing himself forward, especially as a Christian minister. We do not think that either his last letter or that of Mr. Adams can give a favorable impression of the writer, or in any way advance the cause of pure religion.

THE PRE-ADAMITE EARTH: Contributions to Theological Science. By John Harris, D. D.

We have read just enough of this book to see that it is not a book to be read in a day. It has the semblance of a profound work; we hope to find that it has also the reality. Its purpose is to trace the connection between the works and the word of God; and it begins by laying down something like the Trinity as one of its first principles. We shall probably recur to it again.

SCHILLERS' HOMAGE OF THE ARTS, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Ruchert, Freiligrath, and other Germ in Poets. By Charles T. Brooks. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847.

The Translator wishes that this book "may prove light enough for a winter holiday, and weighty enough to last through the next summer." The book contains good translations enough to *make* a holiday at any season: and such pieces as "The Lion's Pride," "To the King of Prussia," "The Sabbath," will outlast the warmest day in next summer. A good translation is never enough: we require a good and tasteful selection also. This Mr. Brooks has given us, with a very few exceptions. No one will regret becoming more intimate with such sweet and fresh poets, as Ruchert and Freiligrath, through the fine specimens which the translator has provided.

The principal piece in this small and comfortable volume, is a translation of Schiller's "Homage of the Arts," a very graceful dramatic lyric composed for the advent of a princess-bride to Weimar. We believe it has never before been translated, for which we are thankful, as it might have fallen into the hands of far less skilful artificers. Mr. Brooks's translation is correct and graceful, and the terse expression of the original is preserved as well as the measure. If, as we read, we now and then imagine that we might improve a line or two, we soon forget our trivial criticisms in the general success of every piece. This holiday volume has already given us genuine enjoyment, and we introduce it to our readers as a pleasant winter friend. W.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. By Alexander H. Everett. Second Series.

We know of few more agreeable pieces of writing than some of Mr. Everett's lighter essays. The article, "Who wrote Gil Blas?" for example, is admirable in its way. We would, therefore, recommend the volume before us, to those who wish simply to converse with a very intelligent man, and get, in a pleasant way, a great deal of pleasant information on a large variety of subjects. But we have not been in the habit of attaching any great value to Mr. Everett's Philosophical articles, and we should not recommend his book to those whose principal object in reading is, to enrich their minds with the most valuable stores of thought.

PAINTING. ITS RISE AND PROGRESS FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE PRESENT TIME, with sketches of the lives and works of many of the eminent artists &c. Compiled from the best authorities.

We have had time only to look over this book. It seems to us prepared intelligently and in the right spirit. Its sketches of character are sprightly and interesting, and it contains a great amount of interesting information in respect to the history of painting and painters.

FARMER'S ALMANAC.

We are glad to welcome this old friend once more, but sorry that it must be the last from the same source.

LITTLE HENRY, OR THE STOLEN CHILD.

By the late Rev. Timothy Flint. A powerfully written narrative, founded on fact, and by one of our most popular writers.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week, by Rev. Mr. Pike, of Dorchester—from Luke ii 10. "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

Subject,—Christianity as good tidings to the world.

We learn that the Rev. Herman Snow, who has been laboring as an Evangelist at Brooklyn, Conn., for two years past, has now left Brooklyn, and the Rev. Samuel May, Jr., is engaged for the present to supply the pulpit there.

THE CAMBRIDGEPORT PARISH.

The Sunday School connected with this parish, now under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Ware, according to their usual custom, celebrated Christmas eve, by appropriate services.

The parents and teachers were addressed by Rev. G. W. Briggs of Plymouth, and the children by Rev. T. B. Fox of Boston. Both addresses were excellent, and were listened to with much satisfaction by a large and attentive audience. Two original hymns, written by teachers in the school, were sung by the children.

The church was beautifully decorated with evergreens—fit emblems for a Christmas gathering. In addition to the wreaths and festoons which have generally comprised the decorations for the occasion, there were this year several appropriate devices and inscriptions. An anchor—emblem of hope; a cross—the Christian's glory; a star—to direct our thoughts to the Savior at Bethlehem.

Between the pulpit and the galleries were large tablets, ornamented with evergreens, and bearing the following inscriptions, selected from the Old Testament:

O GARNISH THE THE SOLEMN FEAST WITH GREEN BRANCHES, EVEN UNTO THE HORNS OF THE ALTAR.	THE FIR TREE, THE PINE TREE, AND THE BOX TOGETHER SHALL BEAUTIFY MY SANCTUARY.

Upon the side galleries, in large letters, were the words of the angel's song on the first Christmas eve, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men." On the gallery in front of the choir was inscribed the motto of our denomination,

LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE.

The whole was planned and executed in perfectly good taste by the Sunday School teachers, assisted by other members of the society.

The occasion was one of deep interest, not only to the members of the Sunday School, but to the many parents and friends who were there assembled. There seems to be a peculiar propriety in the celebration of Christmas eve by children. Their songs of praise, from happy and grateful hearts, rise like fragrant incense to the Heavenly Father, who sent his Son to bless and save them. This Sunday School is one of the oldest in New England, having been established as early as the year 1814, and it is gratifying to be able to state, that its present condition is highly prosperous. The recent attendance of children has been greater than for some time previous, and the interest manifested by the pastor and teachers promise well for its continued usefulness.

It may not be improper at this time to say a few words in relation to the Society connected with this parish. It is the oldest one of any denomination in Cambridgeport, and seems to be established on a foundation to insure its increased and permanent usefulness.

The parish, at one of the largest meetings ever held—every member present voting on the subject—unanimously invited Rev. Mr. Ware to become their pastor. The full attendance on his ministrations since his settlement, shows the estimation in which his services are held.

The outward prosperity of the Society is also a cause of congratulation. The Society own, free from all encumbrance, their church, vestry and bell, and a fine organ, about to be enlarged by the addition of a sub-bass. They were enabled, by the liberality of its members, to pay to their former minister, Rev. A. B. Muzzey, a higher salary than was stipulated at the time of his settlement—to continue his full salary during a visit to foreign countries, and even for a time after he had resigned the office of their minister, and commenced preaching to another audience, gathered by him within the limits of the same parish.

By the timely donation of one thousand dollars from a few members of the Society, whose names are unknown to any but themselves, the parish debt has lately been paid, and the Society have, without any increase of the taxes on pews, voted their new minister a higher salary than has ever before been paid by them.

Their house has ever been open to all who chose to worship there, and no one has been compelled to pay a tax. Free seats have been, and still are, furnished to those unable to pay for the support of worship.

[Cambridge Chronicle.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOSPITALS OF PARIS. A Foreign correspondent of the Old Colony Memorial gives an account of the Hospitals of Paris. They are thirty-six in number, and are under the charge of a council of administration. They are divided into three classes, General, Special, and Almshouses. Into the general Hospital alone are admitted annually, nearly 100,000 patients. Besides the hospitals there are places called Homes of Health, and Homes of Retreat, scattered over the city, where sick persons without comfortable homes and destitute of friends may for small pay obtain the best possible treatment. These institutions of charity are under muuicipal directions, and are supported by an indirect tax levied upon the citizens.

These Hospitals are admirable schools for Medical Students, who have free admission to them. From the skill of their physicians, and the facilities which they furnish to students, they are unsurpassed.

COPPER MINE. The copper mine recently opened in the vicinity of Somerville and Flemmington, N. J. has already about 200 tons of ore, which yields 20 per cent of pure copper. Three shafts, one of 70 feet, and two of 30 feet have been opened. The ore recently dug, is much richer than the first. The first averaged in value, from $50 to $75 a ton; the latest ore is said to be worth $175 per ton. The company have hitherto sent the ore to Boston and Baltimore to be smelted, but they have recently made arrangements for smelting it near the mines.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT. We find the following account in the Atlas.

Col. Perkins gave an account of a visit to the Old Colony, which we will attempt, as nearly as we can, to repeat. He stated that in the month of June, 1800, now nearly half a century since, a party of gentlemen left Boston with the intention of passing a few days at Sandwich, in trout-fishing, and sport on the marshes of that town. The party was composed of ten persons,—Gen. Elliot, Gen. Wm. Sullivan, Mr Daniel Sargent, and his brother John Turner Sargent, (of the same family with the late Col. Henry Sargent, who painted the large Picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims, now in Pilgrim Hall,) Thomas C. Amory, William Payne and John Callender, all of whom have followed the Pilgrims to their last abode—with Col. J. T. Apthrop, Mr I. P. Davis and himself, who alone are left to tell the tale. They left Boston after breakfast, partly in the saddle, and partly on wheels, intending to pass the first night at Plymouth

On their way thither, at the suggestion of one of the company, the party was induced to deviate from the high road in Kingston, to pay a visit to Mr Ebenezer Cobb, generally for many years designated as "*Old Cobb*," and who lived a short distance from the main road, in a house yet visible from the railroad, and where he died at the age of 107 1-2 years. The object of the visit was to make some enquiries as to the recollections of Mr Cobb, in relation to the early descendants of the Pilgrims. The old gentleman was seated in an ample arm chair—and, when informed of the object of their visit, they were kindly welcomed. They found he was perfectly blind—and, upon putting some questions to him, they found, also, that all that had passed within the last thirty or forty years was *a blank in his memory*. His voice was strong, and his hearing tolerably good.—When asked if he recollected Peregrine White, who was the first born child of pure Anglo-Saxon blood, in the New England States, he answered that he well remembered him—that he then lived in the town of Plymouth, near to Mr White's residence, and that he was ten years of age when Mr White died, aged 84; and, having been born in 1520, must have died in 1704. Mr Cobb was born in 1694 and died in 1801. He was then asked if he recollected any thing of the Indians at that time. His answer was, that the Indians frequently came into the settlement—but that their wigwams were not in the settlement where the whites were, but in the neighborhood and up at the *Billington Sea*, which is some two or three miles from Plymouth, and is a beautiful piece of water, and was a favorite haunt of the Indians. He said the Indians were friendly at that time—but that, with a view to keeping them in awe, the white inhabitants had a cannon placed on the hill in the town (supposed to be that where the burying ground now is) which was fired morning and evening, and which, he said, the Indians called *Old Speakum*. In latter days, he told the party, he went with the provincial troops to the East, and was at the taking of Louisbourg. He mentioned the Colonel in whose regiment he served, but the name had escaped Col. P.

Having remained half an hour, or more, and being about to take their leave, Mr Cobb became the querist, and asked if there was any news.—Mr Daniel Sargent told him that there had been a great battle between the English and French fleets, alluding to the battle of Aboukir, in 1798. He immediately asked who beat! The answer was, that the French fleet was defeated. He immediately said, in the voice of a Stentor—*I'm glad of it—I never liked the French—a perfidious people*—showing strongly that the general enthusiasm in favor of our allies, which was so universal during our Revolutionary War, as well as in the French Revolution, had not reached him.

Col. Perkins then gave—"*The memory of the late Mr Ebenezer Cobb.*"

Thus, three lives include the period between the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and the 22d of Dec. 1846.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS. The anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, was celebrated at Plymouth, on Tuesday the 22d inst., by a dinner, by a party of gentlemen, most of them descendants from the "Old Colony," from Boston, New Bedford, and other towns. Hon. Daniel Webster, who had come to the north on professional business, presided at the dinner, and the Vice President's chairs were filled by Hon. C. H. Warren and Hon. Abbott Lawrence. The party was a very pleasant one, and although it is not proper to report the proceedings of a meeting intended to be private and social, we may say that it was a most fit celebration of the day, and renewed in the hearts of all of those present, the warmth of their admiration of the Pilgrims, and the principles which led them to this country, and were planted by them here.

In the forenoon President Hopkins, of Williams College, delivered an able discourse at Plymouth, appropriate to the day. A correspondent of the Traveller says that it "fully sustained his high and enviable reputation."

The New York Courier gives an account of the celebration of the day in that city, from which we take the following:

The New England Society celebrated the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, in their usual manner, and with even more than their usual enthusiasm and heartiness. The oration was delivered at the Tabernacle at one o'clock, by the Rev. C. W. Upham, of Salem, Mass., and was listened to with deep interest by a very respectable audience. It was a sensible and well written production, less marked by elaborateness of research and oratorical display, than some of its predecessors have been, but embodying sound views and much practical truth. The orator considered the landing of the Pilgrims as the greatest event in history; the one by which this new world was brought into electric contact with surcharged Europe. In this connection he rapidly contrasted the condition of the two hemispheres up to the time of the arrival at Plymouth; this, lying in darkness, the other ripened by the various great events of history, the crusades, the invention of printing, the reformation, &c. He then gave a picture of the condition of the Fathers of New England at their landing in 1620—the anniversary of which would eventually, he said be celebrated all over this continent. This led to the main topics of his discourse, which were, several considerations derived from the character of the Puritans. 1. Their appreciation of the importance of *individual* character.—It was the resolution, the moral energy of New Englanders, as *individuals*, derived from the source, which had made and would make them so peculiarly successful. 2. Their trust in an overruling and co-operating Providence. It was to this trust, the orator thought, that we ought to attribute the success of the Revolution. There was now too general a tendency to look upon associated movements, political measures, &c., as the only means of human progress; this was owing to a want of the Puritan faith. On the question of Slavery for example, he thought the Abolitionists lacked faith as much as the upholders of slavery lacked judgment. There was error on both sides. Whoever had sailed down one of our rivers bordered on one side by slave States and on the other by free, would see that "the very earth itself loves and blesses Freedom." The institution of slavery must die out, and would do so without special legislation. 3. Their idea that they were the founders of a great empire, which must extend over this whole Western Continent. Each of these considerations was explained and illustrated in detail and the orator concluded by exhorting the Sons of New England to be forever faithful to the Union. The oration was worthy of the occasion, and was listened to attentively throughout, except when interrupted by occasional rounds of applause.

The dinner in the evening at the Astor House was one of the finest festivities of the kind we have ever witnessed. About three hundred guests sat down at 6 o'clock, to the most superb and *transcendant* dinner Coleman & Stetson ever set before any company; and the most complete justice was done, to the dinner and the occasion. After the cloth was removed, Rev. Mr. Thompson having asked a blessing and Rev. Dr. Tyng having returned thanks, the President of the Society, Hon. Moses Grinnell, read the regular toasts, to which throughout, admirable responses were made.

There was also at Plymouth a celebration by the Sons of Temperance.

The dedication of a new Protestant temple at Paris, called the Panthemont, was celebrated on the 8th of November, in the presence of numerous spectators. The services were performed by the pastor Quillerat, president of the consistory. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, the two Prefects of the Seine, the Mayor of the 10th arrondissement, the Director of public worship, and several other high functionaries were present at the ceremony.

Several experiments have been made in the quarries of Nanterre, upon the properties of explosive cotton in mining operations. The result surpassed all expectation. It is moreover stated that the mine was charged with far more ease and security than with powder.

The Esprit Public of the 10th of November contains a minute description of the valuable specimen of *Mastodon giganteus* in the possession of Dr. John Warren, of this city, which it says is more perfect than any other known to exist, either in Europe or America.

In the South Western part of Calle, in Algeira, near the frontiers of Tunis, there exists a chain of mountains, composed of sandstone, belonging to the upper formation. These mountains are covered with oak and cork trees. At the bottom of their western slope are several vitriolic springs, which deposit the sub-sulphate of peroxide of iron on its banks; its waters, still charged with the sulphate of iron, soon unite with a stream whose waters abound in tannin, and thus form a large amount of a deposit which is light and without much consistency, which is nothing else than the basis of common writing ink. This combination does not seem to have ever been met with before in nature. M. Renon, a member of the scientific commission of Algeria, regards it, in consequence, as a new mineral.

The North Church and Society, in this city yesterday voted to invite Mr. Octavius B. Frothingham, late of the Theological School at Cambridge, to become their pastor. [Salem Gazette.

Rev. Dr. Baird, in a late letter from Poland, writes that there are in that kingdom, (modern Poland) upwards of 4,800,000 inhabitants, of whom more than 600,000 are Jews, 200,000 are Protestants, 100,000 are members of the Greek Church, and the remainder (nearly 4,000,000) are Roman Catholics. As to the Protestants, they have nearly one hundred churches, and some 52 pastors, not including nine missionaries who are laboring among the Jews. Dr. B. adds in regard to Poland, that intemperance greatly prevails there, but that true religion is making progress, though amid many difficulties.

GERMAN LUTHERAN SOCIETY. The new church of the German Evangelical Lutheran Society, under the pastoral care of the Rev. F. Schmidt, at the corner of Suffolk and Waltham streets, was dedicated on Christmas day.

Rev. J. S. Dinnis of Weymouth, has received and accepted an invitation from the Warren street Universalist Society, in this city, to become their pastor, and will enter upon his duties about the first of January.

EPISCOPAL CLERGY. It appears by the list of clergy in the church almanac for 1847, that there are now in the Episcopal Church of the United States, one thousand three hundred and seventy-three. The number of candidates for holy orders is one hundred and eighty-eight.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS. By returns in the Atlas, it appears, that Hon. Daniel P. King, Whig, is re-elected in the 2d District: and Hon. J. G. Palfrey, Whig, is elected in the 4th District. These are the Districts in which there was no choice at the last trial.

NEW ENGLAND FESTIVAL AT PHILADELPHIA. The Sons of New England celebrated the landing of the Pilgrims with their usual festive gatherings. The Oration delivered by Rev. Dr. Furness is spoken of by all who heard it as an eloquent production—such, indeed, as was anticipated from the high character for oratory and attainments which the reverend gentleman enjoys. [Phil. North American.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The proprietor of the Register would repeat his request, to those subscribers who have recently had bills sent to them, to forward the amount, at their earliest possible convenience.

The money is needed for the essential operations of the establishment, and an early remittance will be a personal favor to the publisher, by relieving burdens which, from the long delay of many small but weekly increasing sums have grown to be very inconvenient.

Those at a distance, as well as those who pay sums not convenient to send by mail can pay the amount each to his respective postmaster, and forward to us his receipt. A proper form of receipt is given below.

POST OFFICE, (Town,) (State,)
(Month,) (Date,) 184 .

Received of (A. B.) —— dollars —— cents for his subscription to the Christian Register, payable to the Publisher by the Post Master of Boston, Mass., on presentation of this Receipt, duly endorsed.

$—— C. D.,
n14 tf Post Master.

☞ SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. At a meeting of the Sunday School Society on Wednesday last, the resignation of Rev R. C. Waterston, its corresponding Secretary, was received, read and accepted.—Rev Professor Brooks was unanimously chosen to fill the vacancy.

On motion of David Paige, Esq., it was voted, That the united and hearty thanks of this Society be presented to Rev R. C. Waterston for the fidelity and ability,—the efficacy and zeal with which for many years he has acted as its Corresponding Secretary,—with their best wishes for his future welfare and happiness, and their deep regrets that other and pressing duties made it necessary that he should resign his official connexion with the Society. j2

☞ REV. E. H. CHAPIN ON TEMPERANCE. In the Tremont Temple on the first (next) Sabbath evening of a New Year, will present this great subject to the serious consideration of all who will listen to his unanswerable arguments.

It will be a suitable time to take the *Pledge* of Total Abstinence to be presented at this meeting.

M. GRANT, Pres. B. T. A. Soc'y.
T. R. WOODWARD, Sec'y. j2

☞ NOTICE. The Society worshipping at the Warren Street Chapel, of which Rev Mr Fox is Pastor, will for the present have services only on every other Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. The services on next Sunday evening will be appropriate to the commencement of a New Year. j2

☞ NOTICE. So many of the Sunday Schools of our denomination, in the country, are not in session at this time of the year, that it has been thought best by the Teachers of the Warren Street Chapel to defer making their annual donation of Tracts till next spring.

In the meantime, a copy of Mr Gray's late publication, "[My Teachers New Year's Present, or Select Biography of the Young" will be forwarded to the Librarian of each of the Schools that contributed to the Floral Procession of last 4th of July.

Should any School be overlooked, the Superintendent or Pastor will please notify Mr Barnard, No. 5 Warren street, Boston. j2

MARRIAGES.

In Cambridge, 24th ult., by Rev J. F. W. Ware, Mr Charles H. Mendum, of Portsmouth, N. H., to Miss Sarah E. H. Brown, of C.

In Needham, 24th ult., by Rev Edward E. Hall, of Worcester, Horace Blanchard, Esq., to Helen Augusta, daughter of the late Dr Joseph Gardner, of Dorchester.

In Plymouth, 22d ult., by Rev George Briggs, Mr Phineas A. Stone, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca, daughter of Capt Daniel Jackson, of P.

In Hudson, N. Y., 13th ult., Mr Joseph C. Neal, Editor of Neal's Gazette, Philadelphia, to Emily B. Bradley, of H.

In Dedham, 10th ult., by Rev Dr Lamson, Mr John Deane, of this city, to Miss Louisa, daughter of Isaac Whitney, Esq., of Dedham.

In Easton, on Thursday evening, Dec 24th, by Rev Luther Sheldon, Mr John M. Sanger to Miss Lucy Fuller.

In Zanesville, Ohio, 9th ult., Lieut Thomas Jordan, U. S. Army, to Kate, third daughter of the late Capt Edmund Kearney, R. N. formerly of Key Grove, N. J.

In Chelmsford, at Middlesex Village, by the Rev Benjamin F. Clark, Benjamin Chadbourne, Esq., of Standish, Me., to Miss Clarissa Howard, of Chelmsford, Middlesex Village.

In Somerville, 29th ult., by Rev George E. Ellis, Mr Samuel B. Willis, of Charlestown, to Miss Ruth Elizabeth B. E. Stearns, of S.

DEATHS.

In this city, after a short illness, Mr Nathaniel Hooper, 75.

On Friday evening, suddenly, Anna, wife of Ezra S. Gannett, D. D. 33.

In Waltham, 21st ult., Willard, only son of Theodore and Martha Wellington, 4 years.

In Bath, Me., Hon William Richardson, about 60.

In Dedham, Nov 24, Mrs Catharine Bostwick, widow of the late Heman Bostwich, 74; Dec 27th, Miss Sally Whitney, 62, both daughters of the late Moses Whitney, of D.

In Hampton Falls, N. H., 23d ult., Sarah Lane, daughter of Levi Lane, Esq., 44.

TO TEACHERS. A rare opportunity is offered to a good teacher who may be willing to take charge of a Private School in the vicinity of Boston, and who can invest a small capital. Further particulars may be learned by inquiring of Robert S. Davis, 120 Washington street, Boston.
j2 3w

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, NO. CXXXIX, for January 1847. Edited by Rev Alvan Lamson and Rev E. S. Gannett.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. Hugo Grotius and his Times.
II. Beard's Exhibition of Unitarianism.
III. Ode.
IV. The Progress of Nations.
V. The German Catholic Church.
VI. Life and Correspondence of John Foster.
VII. Novels and Moral Writing.
VIII. The Loss of the Steamer Atlantic.
IX. Works on Swedenborgianism.
X. Notices of Recent Publications.
XI. Intelligence.

This number of the Examiner being the commencement of a new volume, a good opportunity is offered to new subscribers.

CROSBY & NICHOLS, Publishers,
j2 118 Washington street.

THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MEGAZINE for January 1847. No. 1, vol. 4.

CONTENTS.

Gratitude in the survey of the last year.
A case of Conscience.
The Conference Meeting.
Free Churches.
The Catechism and the Bible.
Reserved Power—a sermon by Rev G. Putnam, D. D.
Advantages of Sickness.
The Christmas Bell.
Ministry at Large in Birmingham.
Hymns and a Book of Hymns.
Note Editorial.
Inteligeece—Items.

This number commences the fourth volume of the work. It will be edited as heretofore by Rev F. D. Huntington, and among the contributors, are the principal Clergymen of the Unitarian denomination, besides several laymen and female writers of ability. It is published the first of each month. Each number containing 48 pages Royal 8vo. making one volume a year with Index of 600 pages.

Terms $2 per annum.

☞ Subscribers can receive the back volumes of the work neatly bound in exchange for the numbers by paying the cost of binding.

L. C. BOWLES, Publisher,
j2 118 Washington street.

THE CHILD'S FRIEND for January 1847. No. 4, vol 7. Edited by Mrs Eliza Lee Follen.

CONTENTS.

Letter fourth, to a young Friend.
The Birth Day.
The Sister of Charity.
Sorrows of War.
A Fact.
Nymphiadia—The Court of the Fairy.
True Courage, continued.
A mother's Gift—The Bible.

This work has now reached the 7th volume. It will be continued on the same plan as heretofore; several valuable writers have promised their aid as contributors, which it is hoped will make the work more interesting and acceptable to its readers, and be the means of extending the circulation.

Published the first of every month at $1.50 per annum.

☞ The back volumes of the work, *neatly bound*, for sale at the subscription price.

L. C. BOWLES, Publisher,
r2 118 Washington street.

MEMOIRS &c. Henry Ware, Jr. Memoirs of the Life of Henry Ware, Jr., by John Ware, M. D. 2vols, pp. 288 per volume. Price $1.50.

Robert Swain. Memoirs of Robert Swain; 1vol, 16 mo. Price 62½ cents.

Henry A. Ingalls. Memoirs of Henry Augustus Ingalls, by Rev George W. Burnap, with selections from his writings; 1vol, pp. 210. Price 62½ cents.

John Frederic Oberlin. Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of Waldbach, with an introduction by Henry Ware, Jr; pp. 320. Price 75 cents.

Samuel H. Stearns. Life of the Rev Samuel H. Sterns, late Minister of the Old South Church, in Boston, third edition; 1vol, pp. 244. Price 75 cents.

Noah Worcester. Memoirs of Noah Worcester, D. D. by Rev Henry Ware, Jr., D. D. with portraits; 1vol, pp. 155. Price 75.

Life of Fichte. Life of Johann Gottlieb Fichte, by William Smith; 1vol, 12mo pp. 158. Price 50 cents.

Life of Howard, the Philanthropist, by Mrs Farrar; 1vol, 18mo. Price 50 cents.—etc., etc.

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington, opposite School st. j2

DR. FLETCHER'S SELF-ADJUSTING CURATIVE TRUSS.—DR. M. R. FLETCHER'S PATENT.—The very best and most convenient TRUSS, now in use, is that known as Dr Fletcher's Patent Self-Adjusting Truss, manufactured by LUTHER ANGIER, of Medford, Mass. It is so contrived that a single TRUSS can be used for a rupture on either side, and adapts itself to any possible position of the body, with wonderful facility.

This Truss has been in use, in Boston and vicinity, for nearly ten years, during which time it has been greatly improved, has received the WRITTEN TESTIMONIALS of numerous DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIANS.

The BOSTON MEDICAL JOURNAL pronounces this Truss the most perfect thing of the kind ever invented. It says; "There is not a spot in the groin where Rupture usually appears upon which the pad may not be placed and permanently fixed."

FOR FEMALES.

For Females this Truss possesses very great advantages. The ease with which the Pad can be fitted to any desired point, the comfort with which it may be worn, its delicacy of construction, and great efficacy—all serve to commend it to Females as the most useful invention of the day. For children it is also admirably suited.

A PERFECT CURE SECURED!

This Truss not only relieves, but actually cures, the disorder for which it is intended. Of this fact, the most abundant and conclusive evidence can be given.—It produces NO IRRITATION, no PERSPIRATION no WEAKNESS—but aids Nature to restore the injured parts to a state of soundness and vigor, and finally rendering the use of a Truss, wholly unnecessary.

BEWARE OF FRAUDS!

No person but L. ANGIER and his authorized Agents can possibly sell FLETCHER'S PATENT TRUSS. If another person pretends to sell this Truss, he pretends to do what he cannot perform.

The subscriber has retired and convenient rooms, with every accommodation for consultation with patients and application of this Instrument to any form or stage of the complaint.

LUTHER ANGIER, Proprietor.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Agent for Boston and vicinity. 2w j2

MY TEACHER'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT. The subscriber would inform Clergymen, Sunday School Teachers and others, that on Monday, 21st inst. he will publish "My Teacher's New Year's Present, or Select Biography of the Young," Rev Frederick T. Gray. The price will not probably exceed $1.25 per doz.

Those desirous of supplying their Schools, are invited to send immediate notice to the subscriber. It will be neatly bound, with several handsome cuts.

P. S. Credit given if desired.
d19 BENJ. H. GREENE, 124 Washington st.

PRICES REDUCED!
"FROM AND AFTER" THIS DAY,
AT THE
LADIES' EXCHANGE.

THE Proprietors of this Establishment respectfully give public notice, that for the purpose of making MORE RAPID SALES OF THEIR LARGE STOCK, they have

REDUCED THEIR PRICES,

and will offer every article at a price which will insure its immediate sale.

In consequence of the *dull weather of November*, we have a larger stock of

SHAWLS, SILKS, AND DRESS GOODS,

than is usual at this season, and purchasers will have a large assortment to select from. We shall offer our large and select assortment of

SHAWLS

at such prices as shall tempt *all who see them to buy.*

CASHMERE LONG SHAWLS from $10 to $90, usual price $15 to $125;

100 HIGHLAND PLAID LONG SHAWLS, all wool, $5, usual price $7 50;

And all our Long and Square Shawls at equally low prices, among which are some new and beautiful CASHMERE LONG AND SQUARE, HIGHLAND LONG, AND VELVET SHAWLS, received by last arrivals.

OF DRESS AND CLOAK SILKS

We can offer an unrivalled assortment, in BLACKS, BLUE BLACKS and COLORS, and we shall reduce the prices from 5 to 25 cents per yard, according to relative cost; prices varying from 25 cents a yard to the most costly fabrics, and of all widths, from 1-2 yard to 5-4. Our stock of Black Silks and Evening Silks is unusually large and select, and Ladies wishing Blk. Silks for Spring wear, will make a saving by buying now.

CASHMERES AND DRESS GOODS.

Our large stock of *CASHMERES, M. DE LAINES, OTTOMANS, CASTILLIANS, OREGON PLAIDS, ALIWAL AND VICTORIA PLAIDS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS,* &c., and

RAW SILK PLAIDS,

WILL ALL BE OFFERED AT VERY LOW PRICES.

FRENCH CLOAKINGS AND MERINOS.

In *CLOAKINGS, THIBETS, MERINOS, HIGHLAND PLAIDS, GALA PLAIDS,* and other Cloak Materials, our stock is large, and embraces all the most desirable styles and colors.

ALL OUR

MOURNING GOODS,

BOMBAZINES, ALPACCAS, INDIANAS, CRAPES, &c., will be offered at reduced prices.

Together with all our stock of

LINEN GOODS

Sheetings, Shirtings, Damasks, Napkins, Cloths, Lawns, Cambrics, Diapers, Huckabacs, Crash, &c., &c.

WOOLLEN GOODS,

CLOTHS; CASSIMERES; DOESKINS; VESTINGS; all Stuffs for Boys' Wear, &c.; Gents' Dressing Robes; Velvets; Plaids for Children, &c.

ALL OUR STOCK OF

COTTONS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS, LACES, GLOVES,

EMBROIDERIES.

TABLE AND PIANO CLOTHES, HOSIERY,

and our large assortment of new and beautiful

Cashmere Scarfs,

at a liberal discount. Our best *PARIS KID GLOVES* at 56¼ cents.

Our stock being much larger than ever before at this season of the year, we shall offer great inducements to our customers, that we may thereby sell every article of our stock on hand.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,
192 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
d12 6tis

Nathaniel F. Williams,

(*Late Collector for the Port of Baltimore,*)

HAVING resumed his former business at his *Fire Proof Store, No 14 Bowly's Wharf,* respectfully tenders to his friends and the public his services as a

COMMISSION AGENT,

to sell or purchase all kinds of Merchandise. Every thing that industry and an intimate acquaintance with the growth and prosperity of Baltimore can accomplish may be confidently relied upon, to promote the views of those, confiding their interests to his care.

Baltimore December 5, 1846.

Reference to—
Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, JOHN WILLIAMS, Esq. } Boston.
Hon. JOHN DAVIS, Worcester, Mass.
Hon. JAMES F. SIMMONS, Col. WM. BLODGET, Gen. JOSIAH WHITAKER, } Providence, R. I.
Messrs. PARMELEE & RODGERS, " SPRAGUE, ROBINSON & CO., " SHIPMAN & AYRES, } New York.
Hon. HORACE BINNEY, " JOHN SERGEANT, } Philadelphia.
JOHN WALES, Esq. Wilmington, Del.
CHARLES B. PENROSE, Esq., Lancaster, Pa.
d5 tf

JACOBS'

Linen and House Furnishing Establishment.

BENJAMIN & E. JACOBS, No. 35 Tremont Row, a few doors North of Tremont House, keeps constantly on hand, an extensive variety of every description of Linen Goods and Housekeeping Articles of their own importation, which are all warranted of the very best fabrics, particularly the Linen Goods, being perfectly free from all admixture of Cotton. The stock consists in part of the following goods, viz:—A large assortment of Linen Shirtings and pillow-case Linens, put up expressly for the trade and family use; do Linen Sheeting, all widths from 9-8 to 12-4 wide; Damask Table Linen, from the low priced to the very best quality imported; single and double Damask Table Cloths of every style and finish, with Doylies and Napkins to match; Imperial and other Quilts; Blankets of the common and very best quality; French, Irish, Scotch and Russia Toweling; Crashes; Russia Diapers and Sheetings; long Lawns; ladies' and gentlemen's Linen Cambric

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

LINES

Suggested from seeing one very far advanced in life who has long been deprived of sight, waiting with composure her summons to Eternity.

With darkened eyes,
She sits in solitude—yet not alone—
For God her hope, her trust, her confidence, her all,
Is with her. To love and serve the Lord is all her joy,
And yet she mourns that she no better serves and loves
Him—All-wise, All holy, just and pure.
Her mortal eyes have long been veiled;
But visions of her heavenly home,
Are bright, and clear—and vividly her fancy paints
The images of those she loved on earth;
(The staff of her declining years
And whom the messenger of Death, at noon of life,
Hastened away,) waiting around the throne of God
To welcome her. Her immortal mind,
In heavenly contemplation, dwells on things
Eternal and unseen—seen only with the eye of Faith,
Piercing the veil that hides from mortal view.
Her spirit,
Bound in mortal coils, longs to be free—
Longs for the rest of immortality, but patient
And resigned, she waits the will of Him
Who ever lives to purify and fit
The loving, trusting heart, for everlasting bliss.
——Her earthly pilgrimage will soon be o'er;
Soon life's long warfare will be closed; that voice,
Now tremulous with age, ere long, will cease
To warn, to counsel, and direct. Ere long
Her unchained spirit, bidding the dust,
'Return to dust again,' will enter that abode
Where all is peace—where sight shall ne'er grow dim—
Where strength shall never fail—and where the soul
All purified, will be employed,
In never-ending songs of praise.

Maine, Dec. 1846. M.

SONNETS.

BY LOPE DE VEGA.

[Translated by Professor Longfellow and published in his very pleasant book, Outre-Mer.]

Shepherd! that with thine amorous sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
That madest thy crook from the accursed tree
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long,—
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains,
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be,
I will obey thy voice, and wake to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
Hear, Shepherd!—thou that for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
O, wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—
Wait for me!—yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou art waiting still for me?

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blessed approach! and O, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look without and see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open!" I replied;
And when the morrow came, I answered still, 'To-morrow!'

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN BIRMINGHAM.

We have read with great interest and satisfaction the annual report of the Rev. John Gent Brooks, Minister to the poor in Birmingham.—Mr. Brooks has directed his attention principally to the *education* of the poor, for which purpose Evening and Sunday Schools have been established with remarkable success. During the winter, lectures were frequently given on alternate Monday evenings; to boys one evening, and to girls on the other; and were numerously attended. A marked change for the better has taken place in a great many of the schools. We subjoin from the report some particulars, which, we are sure, will interest our readers, and which we hope may serve as encouragements to those who would engage in a similar work here:

"Our Sunday School is at present confined to boys; it is situated in the Gullet, in the very lowest part of my district. The numbers are not great, never reaching more than thirty.—Here we labor under great difficulties; the youths for the most part not being under parental control, stay away as often as they please; it is not uncommon for us to have to gather them ourselves on the Sunday morning, from Thomas street, &c., where we find them pitching, jumping, &c; but notwithstanding these drawbacks, there are some very improving and interesting children; several have become already very regular in attendance, and evidently love their school and teachers. As a specimen of our difficulties and of the class of children gathered here, I will give an instance of two. Seeing one of our scholars one Sunday morning lingering around the door, I called to him, and asked him the reason he did not come into the school, like the other boys; he hung his head, and at last very sorrowfully said—'I aint likely to come like the other boys, teacher.' I said 'Why?' 'Because,' said he, 'My mother is drunk in bed, and I can't get a clean shirt, or be washed.' 'This boy's father is transported, and his mother is an unfortunate: last winter it was not uncommon for this boy to be crying on the step at twelve o'clock on Saturday night. A few weeks ago Mr. Holden called on another boy, under similar circumstances, when he said, 'How can I come in and sit down to my lessons as I should do, when here my father and mother have been drinking all night in that club room, and they are there now, playing at cards, and spending the money as ought to buy us victuals.' The poor lad cried bitterly; we comforted him as well as we were able. In the afternoon, soon after the commencement of our religious service, and whilst I was at prayer, the drunken host burst forth from their drinking, gambling den, to wind up their orgies with a fight. Scores of men and women rushed forth from the courts and houses around, shouting at the top of their voices, and breathing the most horrible threatenings possible. I gave out the hymn as quickly as I could; as the sound of peaceful worship arose, it seemed to produce a good effect, by raising a feeling of shame in the minds of the brawlers; for, before we had finished, several had joined our little party, the noise had entirely ceased, and the mob was scattered. I might multiply instances; but these are sufficient to show our great difficulties and the importance of these schools in such localities. Still I must strongly object to their receiving the degrading name of 'Ragged,' though this is now becoming so fashionable. Brand these children as Pariahs, accustom them to the name, and the great danger is, that as such they will always be content to remain; they are too low already, and we ought not to multiply difficulties in the way of their self-elevation; if we do our duty to them the children will improve, and become fitting objects of our Christian sympathy and aid. We must enquire into their circumstances and wants—we must treasure up for them their little savings, and supply necessaries to those who need and cannot save; we must, as far as possible, bring them in contact with higher classes than their own, accustom them to more improving influence, and thus destroy the isolated feelings and habit which mark them as a separate and despised cast.—When this is done, the character of the school is changed, and consequently the name becomes a degrading misnomer. Being anxious that my children should have the means of buying shoes and other articles of wearing apparel, a Savings' Fund was introduced; their little savings are gathered up every Sunday morning, and whatever may be the amount, they receive the addition of a third: by this plan eight have already been supplied with shoes.

From experience I have found it next to useless to address these ignorant and vicious little beings in a formal religious style; their minds are not yet sufficiently enlightened, and the greatest care is required not to raise a feeling of contempt, in addition to their present indifference for all that is holy and solemnly important. They cannot be preached into goodness, but must be slowly and almost imperceptibly trained to it.—No amount of scriptural texts crammed into their minds by countless repetitions will ever make them practical Christians; there is but one way; and that is patient perseverance in rational instruction: they may be drilled to mechanical movements, but their minds cannot be drilled into a love for Christian truth, or submission to God's law.

During my visit to London, last April, I paid a visit, in company with others, to one of the Ragged Schools, and there the above thoughts were more deeply impressed on my mind. I was surprised to find the police in attendance to preserve order among the pupils; thus giving the strongest assurance that the teachers felt little or no confidence in their scholars; but little love and no respect; how is it possible that love can exist without confidence on both sides? And how is it to be expected that moral power, the true element of success, in these and all other schools, should exert its true influence when allied in such close union with the constable's staff? I could not help contrasting the singular disorder and want of respect with our own orderly and busy school—One great secret is to keep all fully employed, and to have timely changes of lessons; not to talk at them so much as to teach them quietly. The best lessons on important subjects, especially religion, can be given unobtrusively in the reading lessons; it is then done without noise, and is directed to the particular scholar whose conduct, answer, or ignorance may call it forth, and you can ensure his not only listening to it, but rightly understanding it. Experience has proved that the best way to impress their minds with religious truth and human duty is to weave the instruction into a simple narrative or story; the various incidents, if well managed, serve effectually to keep up the interest, and enable them to see how religion and duty may be rendered practicable in real every-day life. This has been our practice from the first, and has been attended with complete success: the order is always good when the story is being read, and I have constant evidence afforded me, in my visits to the various families, that these stories are well remembered even by the youngest, and are told with interest to those at home. At the close of the reading of an interesting book, many questions are sure to be asked, as to whether it is to be put into the library, and as to whether they can have it. Some little time since an interesting conversation took place in the library room between two little girls, who were both inquiring for one of these books; one said to the other, —'Do you read all the books you take out?'—'No,' was the answer, 'but we all get round the fire, and my mother reads them to us, instead of letting us run about the streets.' 'Well, we don't do so,' said the first little girl; 'Our Ruth reads, while me and my mother work.'"

With respect to men who have grown up amid gambling, drinking and profaneness, Mr Brooks says:—

"I have endeavored to reclaim two such characters in particular, but without success; I have given them more than ordinary attention, have invited them to school, and succeeded in getting them there for a time or two, but they have invariably fallen back to their old habits; I have offered to teach them to read in their own houses, and obtained a promise; but when I call they are generally drunk or at the public house. One of these men never contributes a farthing to the expenses of the family. Not only does he leave the burden of providing for his family on his wife but his conduct in other respects is brutal in the extreme; he has beaten her till she has been insensible and expected to die: since I have opened the Gullet house for worship on Sundays, she has been a regular attendant, and is altogether a different woman; her desire is now faithfully to serve God. A week or two ago she opened her mind to me, and laid open her history. At thirteen years of age she was decoyed away from her home in Manchester and brought to Birmingham, where after a time she was abandoned; disgraced as she was, she had no thoughts of returning home, years passed and she became acquainted with her present husband; from first to last her life has been a scene of sorrow: "Mr. Brooks," she said, "I never could for shame to tell you before, and I fear you will now despise me, and never call to see me again, but something told me I must tell you." She then burst into tears and said, "I expect to be punished, I deserve to be punished, for I broke my poor mother's heart, and brought my father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." I could not but weep, as I took her hand, and told her that I could not, I dared not despise her, but I did sincerely pity her and commend her to the care of God, her Heavenly Father, as one of the lost sheep Jesus came to gather in his holy fold.

* * * * *

About nine months since I had occasion to go up a court in T—— Street. It was night, and very dark. As I was groping my way along, I heard angry voices giving utterance to oaths and to threats of the most murderous kind; hesitating for a moment, I scarcely knew what to do, but thinking it my duty, if possible, to heal the quarrel, I gently knocked at the door. No notice was taken: I knocked again repeatedly, but instead of their attending to it, it only caused a greater explosion of wrath and defiance. Still I kept knocking occasionally, till one of the neighbors came at last, and opened the door for me; I entered and spoke kindly to them, and as the woman seemed most excited, I took her hand and sat down between her and her husband. She burst into tears as I spoke, saying, "Mr Brooks, my distress is greater than I can bear: neither me nor my children have had more than one bit of bread for these two last days. We bore it as well as we could thinking he would bring some money to-night; but he hasn't brought a half-penny. He explained to me the cause. He had stood market, but the weather had been so cold and wet that he could sell nothing. I felt it was a hard case on both sides, and when peace was restored, I sent the woman out for a few necessaries. When alone with the man, I told him how I had hesitated: he said, "*You* never feel afraid, nobody will ever hurt *you*; I feel very thankful for your kind interference." Thinking it desirable to separate them for a little while, I desired him to come to School when he had had his tea; he did so, and has been a teacher ever since, and though I have been in their court at all unexpected hours, I have never heard the slightest symptom of quarrel since that time: the change has been entire. On no one occasion has this couple been absent from the Sunday services; the Bible is read in the family, and both, I believe, have learned not only to appreciate, but to enjoy the blessings of true religion.

Visiting, in another court, one Sunday morning, with a friend, we came to a house where were several dirty and ragged children; we invited them to school, and the parent to the evening service. Whilst talking with them a noise was heard upon the strair; in the darkness we could discern a group of females covered with rags and filth. When we spoke kindly to them, they came down and nearly filled the house: there were three families and a lodger in two rooms; the lodger was a young orphan girl, who some time before had gone crying up that court, being entirely homeless, and not knowing where to go; the mistress of the house an old widow, and extremely poor, kindly took her in: the wages of the girl were four shillings per week, out of which, for a long time, she was allowed sixpence for clothing, till distress caused the old woman to require the whole. This poor girl has, since then, been a regular attendant at the Sunday School: the Ladies have been very kind and attentive, and she is now a very well-behaved and tidy girl. The old woman also attends our chapel, and I believe enjoys religion.

During the past year, I have seen great changes for the better in many of my families; I have seen them rise from pauperism and destitution, to comfort and respectability; I have seen the house changed from one of filth and disorder, the abode of hopeless despair, to one of cleanliness, order, and cheerful exertion.

Help, when rightly bestowed, comes to the poor as a blessing from heaven; infusing hope into the bosoms of the hopeless, making the sorrowful to rejoice, and giving to the wayward new vigor in the struggle for life. Through the kindness of the friends of the Mission, many a sick person has been cheered, not only with the consolations of religion, but with the food and clothing which their case has required. Through this has their recovery been hastened and rendered permanent; and even those who have not recovered; have thanked God for the comforts you have enabled me to dispense.

With respect to a particular class of beggars, not unknown here, Mr Brooks says:

One thing let me urge on my friends: it is, do not allow yourselves to be victimized by begging letter impostors. I have not found a single case of real distress among all to whom I have been referred: the money is invariably spent in drunkenness and debauchery. In one street, no less than three lodging house keepers pursue this lucrative part of the profession, with perfect impunity and success: one of them is very skilled, and possesses dresses for every character he assumes. I have been assured from authentic sources, that his gains are frequently £4. and even sometimes £7. in a day.

* * * * *

In conclusion let me say, that as I cast my eye back on what has been done during the past year, I cannot but feel thankful to Amighty God that he has so largely helped us and blessed our labors for good. Some months since I was surprised by a visit from a man whose case I had given up as hopeless; he had been miserably poor, a pauper and a tramp, and after exhausting my patience and my hopes, had again wandered I knew not whither. He had now returned, so changed that at first I did not know him; he told me he had remembered my words and admonitions, had settled down to work, had begun attendance on public worship, and felt happy in the enjoyment of religion. He could not rest till he had come to thank me and to request a renewal of my visits. He is still a consistent member of a Christian church; and from inhabiting a close, filthy, ready-furnished room, as he did when I first found him, he has a beautifully clean and well-furnished house, his children are comfortable, and at school, and he is now laying up a trifle weekly in the Provident Institution, which I have lately established. J. W. is another pleasing instance of the good effected by these missions. When I found him, he was a drunkard, and had altogether left off attendance at public worship. He also is changed. A friend of the family called sometime since and asked, "Does John go to any place of worship yet?"—"O yes," was the reply, "he has done ever since he became acquainted with the missionary from the New Meeting." "O then," said the friend, "I don't wonder at his being a bad husband."—"You are very much mistaken," said Mrs. W. "for since we have been visited by Mr Brooks, John has been as good a husband as need be; I am sure I feel quite comfortable now, and shall always think well of the Unitarians." In very many cases, women have thanked me again and again, for the good done to their husbands; many more have told me with tears of gratitude, that I was the only friend they had on earth. Seeing all these encouraging circumstances, I cannot but feel that the objects of the mission have been eminently successful, and that more has been done than the most sanguine of its friends could have ever anticipated.

TALES OF FAIRY LAND.

THE DAISY.

Now listen! Out in the country, close to the roadside, is a country-house. I am sure you have often seen it; in front there is a little flower-garden, and white palisades with the points painted green. Close by, in a ditch, amid the most beautiful grass, grew a little daisy; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, there it stood full blown, with its tender white glistening leaves, which encircled the little yellow sun in the middle like rays. That in the grass was seen by no one, it never thought about—it was so contented! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little daisy was so happy! as happy as though it had been a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school; and while they sat there on their forms and learned, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned, from the warm sun, and from all around, how good God is; and it was just as if the lark uttered all this beautifully and distinctly, while the other felt it in silence. And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being itself unable to do so. "Do I not see and hear?" thought she; "the sun shines on me and the breeze kisses me—oh what rich gifts do I enjoy!"

Within the palisading stood many stiff, and stately flowers; the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The peonies puffed themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses; but it is not always the size that will avail anything. The tulips were of the most beautiful colors, they knew that very well; and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen still better. They did not deign to cast a look on the flower without; but the flower looked at them so much the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful those are! Yes, the beautiful bird certainly flies down to them—them he surely visits! What happiness to have got a place so near, whence I can see all this splendor!" And just as it was thinking so, "quirrevit!" there came the lark from on high; but it did not go to the peonies or tulips; no, but even down in the grass to the poor daisy, that for pure joy was so frightened that it did not know what it should think.

The little bird popped about in the grass and sang; "Well! how soft the grass is! and only look what a sweet little flower, with a golden heart, and with a robe of silver!" The yellow spot in the daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves shone as white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was! no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden; they had beheld the honor and the happiness that had befallen her; they would surely comprehend her joy; but there stood the tulips as stiff again as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face; for they were vexed. But the peonies looked so thick-headed. Ah! it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humor, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came into the garden with a knife, sharp and polished; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

"Ah!" signed the daisy, "this is really terrible; now it is all over with them." Then the girl with the tulips went away. The daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor little flower—it was quite thankful; and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep and dreamed the whole night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the light and air, she recognized the voice of the bird; but what he sung was so melancholy! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be so; he had been taken prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open window. He sang of the joy of being able to fly about in freedom—sang of the young green corn in the field, and of the beautiful journeyings on his wings high up in the free air. The poor bird was not cheerful; there he sat a prisoner in a narrow cage.

The little daisy would so gladly have helped him; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. I forgot entirely how beautiful all around was, how warm the sun shone, how beautifully white its leaves glistened—oh! it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing anything.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp like that which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

"Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys, and began to cut out a square all round the daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it.

"Pull up the flower," said one boy; and the daisy trembled for very fear; for to be pulled up, why, that was to die, and it wished to live, as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark.

"No; let it stay," said the other; "it looks so pretty." And so it remained, and was put into the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly his lost freedom, and fluttered against the iron wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

"There is no water," said the imprisoned lark; "they are all gone out and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy! Oh, I shall die; I must leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh verdure, and all the beauty that God has created!" And saying these words, he pressed his beak into the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little; and his eye fell on the daisy, and the bird nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, "You must wither here, you poor little flower; you and the green turf here have been given me instead of the whole world, which I had without! Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree; every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only tell me how much I have lost!"

"What can I do to comfort him!" thought the little flower; but she could not move a leaf; yet the fragrance which streamed from her delicate leaves was much stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird observed this; and although he was dying of thirst, and crushed the green blade in his suffering, yet he did not even touch the little daisy.

It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring the poor bird a drop of water; he stretched out his delicate wings, and fluttered convulsively; his song was a complaining chip. His little head bowed down towards the daisy, and the heart of the bird broke for want and longing.

Then the flower was not able, as on the evening before, to fold its leaves together and sleep: it bowed down ill and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boys came back; and when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The dead body of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper box; he was to be buried royally—the poor bird! While he lived and sang they forgot him, let him sit in a cage and suffer want; now they showed him great honor, and lamented him.

But the bit of turf with the daisy was thrown to the dust in the street; no one thought of her, who, however, had felt most for the little bird, and had wished so much to comfort him.—[Home Journal

CONSTANT MIRACLES.

There is an eastern story, of a boy having challenged his teacher to prove to him the existence of a God by working a miracle. The teacher, who was a priest, procured a large vessel filled with earth, in which he deposited a kernel, in the boy's presence, and bade him pay attention. In the place where the kernel was put a green shoot soon appeared, the shoot became a stem, the stem put forth leaves and branches, which soon spread over the whole apartment. It then budded with blossoms, which, dropping off, left golden fruits in their place, and in the short space of an hour there appeared a noble tree in the place of the little seed. The youth, overcome with amazement, exclaimed, "Now I know there is a God, for I have seen his power!" The priest smiled at him, and said, "Simple child, do you only now believe? Does not what you have just seen take place in innumerable instances, year after year, only by a slower process? But is it the less marvellous on that account?"

"Now we, my friends, are but too often like such simple children. Suppose at rising in the morning we found a loaf added to our stores, which we could be certain that neither we nor any human being had put there, we should then have no difficulty in saying that the Lord had sent it. Yet we actually find such a loaf every morning added to our provisions, and it is equally plain that God has been the bearer; but because he has sent it in a less direct and extraordinary manner namely, by strengthening our own powers, and blessing our labor to obtain it, and because this is the ordinary case, and what is taking place all the world over, therefore—how unreasonable such a *therefore* may be—we find it difficult to realize in it his goodness, his providence, and himself. And let me tell you, that supposing he were to manifest himself in any wondrous manner, so as to compel us to exclaim "This is indeed a marvellous interposition of God;" yet let any such manifestation only become continual, and it will be no longer accounted marvellous; yea, it will be well if it do not cease to be regarded even as Divine. The manna falls once or twice in the wilderness, and it is wondrous to the eyes of all, and the Lord God it praised. But if it falls every day, its coming is a matter of course; and men learn to contemplate it as a natural event; they behold the manna, but not the hand that sends it. Water is produced miraculously from the rock; and if it be succeeded by heat and drought, men learn to award to God the glory. But the smitten rock in the wilderness virtually follows the Israelitish host; its streams attend them in their daily course; they have no lack of water; and what is the consequence? They are ungrateful: and so are we. God is hourly performing miracles for his people; but in order to learn this, it is good for us sometimes to undergo privations." [Dr. F. W. Krummacher.

Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

OFFICE NO 4 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

THE operations of this Company are confined to Life Insurance exclusively, and are conducted upon the mutual principle; *the profits being divided every year* among the insured, in proportion to the premium paid by them.

The Premium, if over $50, may be paid, one fourth in cash, and three-fourths in an approved note, at 12 months, with interest, subject to assessment at 60 days notice, or it may be paid half yearly, quarterly or monthly.

Policy holders participate in the whole amount of the profits, there being no proprietary interest or loan to absorb any portion thereof.

A married woman may insure the life of her husband, which will enure to her sole use, and that of her children.

Creditors may insure their debtors, or debtors themselves, for the protection of creditors.

No risk will be taken on any one life, exceeding $5000.

No person is liable beyond the amount of his premium.

Whole number of Policies issued, 2589

Whole amount of Premiums received, $241,284

Clergymen and professional men generally, Merchants and Traders, Civil, Military and Naval Officers, and persons in every station in society, may secure to their families, in the event of death, a comfortable support, by making, with this Institution, a small investment for an insurance upon their lives.

The Directors have permission to refer to Robert G. Shaw, Esq., Messrs. J. E. Thayer & Bro., Johnson, Sewall & Co., G. S. Hillard, Esq., H. Inches, Jr. Esq. Hon. Stephen Fairbanks, Hon. John G. Rogers, J. W. Paige, Esq., C. W. Cartwright, Esq., Samuel A. Appleton, Esq.

All necessary information will be furnished by

OLIVER BREWSTER, Agent,

o17 4mis No 4 State st., Boston

MEMOIR OF ROBERT SWAIN. The subscribers will publish on the 20th of the present month, Memoir of Robert Swain, 1 vol 16mo, pp 260, one of the best gift books of the season.

JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. d12

CHRISTIAN HYMNS; FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP. Compiled by a Committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association. Ninth Edition.

The publishers respectfully ask attention to this new Collection of Hymns for the Societies of the Unitarian denomination. The highest commendations have been bestowed upon it by those by whom it has been examined, and who are qualified to judge of its value.

As an evidence of the estimation in which the 'Christian Hymns' is held, we are permitted to give the following:

[Extract from a letter by Rev Dr. Francis, of Cambridge.]

'I have looked through the book with great satisfaction; and I feel that our community are under much obligation to the Committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association' for the very valuable contribution to the beauty and interest of public worship. I find in your collection many hymns that are new to me, and—what I should hardly have expected—are likewise among the best that I have ever seen. The selection is made with great good taste, and with a judgment that happily provides some fitting strain of sacred poetry for every occasion and subject. The number of hymns is large, but I think none too large; and it is surprising how few poor ones there are among so many.'

The following Societies have introduced the 'Christian Hymns' into their Churches:—

Broadway Society, South Boston, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Stearns's do, Hingham, Mass
Rev. Mr. Coe's do, East Medway, Mass.
Rev. C. Palfrey's do, Barnstable, Mass.
——— ———Chapel, Taunton, Mass.
——— ———, Hopkinton, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Leonard's Society, Dublin, N. H
Rev. Mr. Livermore's do, Keene, N. H.
Rev. Mr. Whitewell's do, Wilton, N. H.
Rev. Mr. Cutler's do, Peterboro', N. H.
——— ———, Pomfret, Vt.
——— ———, Troy, N. Y.
Rev. C. Bradford's, Bridgewater, Mass.
Rev. H. Lambert's, East Cambridge, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Tilden's, Concord, N. H.
Rev Samuel Barrett's, Boston.
Chapel of the Divinity School, Cambridge
Rev Mr Fosdick's, Boston.
Rev. W. Gilbert, Harvard, Mass.
Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, Roxbury.
Societies about furnishing themselves with Hymn Books, are requested to send to us for copies of the above for examination.

CROSBY & NICHOLS, publishers,
n14 118 Washington st

ANNUALS FOR 1847. The Diadem—10 engravings;
Mayflower—9 engravings;
Amaranth—7 engravings;
Evergreen—10 engravings;
Christmas Blossoms—6 engravings;
Rainbow—10 steel plate engravings;
Christian Keepsake—9 engravings;
Rose of Sharon—7 engravings;
Floral Offering—10 plates, beautifully colored;
Friendship's Offering—9 engravings;
Opal—9 engravings;
Also beautiful editions of
Poets and Poetry of Europe, edited by H. W. Longfellow;
Poets and Poetry of England, edited by R. W. Griswold;
Poets and Poetry of America, edited by R. W. Griswold;
Poets and Poetry of America, edited by Keese;
Byrant's Poems, illustrated with 16 engravings;
Willis's Poems.
All in rich bindings. For sale at low prices at SIMPKINS'S, No 94 Washington street, d12

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS. CROSBY & NICHOLS, No. 118 Washington st., have for sale a great variety of Books, &c. suitable for Holiday Presents;
—AMONG WHICH ARE—
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ANNUALS.—Drawing Room Scrap Book, Foget-me-Not, Friendship's Offering, Opal, Mayflower, Rose of Sharon, Gift of Friendship, The Rose, Christian Keepsake, Amaranth, Hyacinth, Evergreen, Boudoir Annual, Diadem, Christmas Blossoms, Christian's Annual, &c. &c.
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Bryant's Poems, Longfellow's, Scott's American Poet's Gift, Poet's of America, Poems of Southey, Cowper, Burns, Moore, Hemans, Shelley, Shakspeare, Mrs Ellis, Mrs Osgood, Sigourney, Scenes in the Life of the Savior, Scenes in the Lives of the Apostles, Headley's Sacred Mountains, Lays for the Sabbath, &c. &c. &c.
JUVENILE WORKS. Every variety of books for children of all ages, and by the most popular authors, among which are many prepared expressly for the season.
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. The works of Channing, Ware, Greenwood, Dewey, Peabody's Sermon to the Afflicted, Sermons of Consolation, Martyria, Livermore's Lectures to young men, The Young Maiden, Self-Formation, Selections from Fenelon, Channing's Thoughts, and other books too numerous to mention.
Also, beautiful English and American edition, of the Bible, some in rich bindings of Velvet and Gold.
For sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington street. d12

NEW BOOKS. JAMES MUNROE & Co., have in Press, and will publish in about ten days—
1. Noyes's Psalms—A new translation of the Book of Psalms, with an Introduction and Notes, new edition, 12mo.
2. Ware's Discourses—Discourses by Rev H. Ware, Jr., being vol 3d of the Works, 12mo.
3. Memoir of Robert Swain, 1 vol 16mo.
4. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays of A. H. Everett, 2d series, 12mo.
5. Poems, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1 vol, 16mo.
6. Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Ruchart, Froligrath, and other German Poets, by Charles T. Brooks, 1 vol 16mo.
7. Songs of the Sea, with Poems and Dramatic Pieces, by Epes Sargent, 1 vol 16mo.
8. Poems, by Rev W. T. Bacon, 1 vol 16mo.
9. Essays, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1st series, new edition, 1 vol 16mo.
10. Homer's Iliad, with new Notes by Prof Felton, 1 vol 12mo.
11. A system of Moral Philosophy, adapted to children and Families, and especially to Common Schools, by Rev O. Steele and a friend, 1 vol 18mo.
12. Agamemnon of Aeschylus, with Notes, by Prof. Felton, 12mo.
13. Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius, by Miss Farley, (one of the Editors of the Lowell Offering,) 12mo. d12

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS. Christianity the Deliverance of the Soul and its Life, by Wm Mountford, M. A., 16mo.
The Mission—The German Catholics, by G. G. Gervinus, translated from the German, 12mo.
Christianity of Europe, by Novelus Frederick Von Hardenburg, translated from the German, by the Rev John Dalton, 12mo.
The Philosophy of Art, an Oration on the Relation between the Plastic Arts and Nature, by N. W. J. Von Schelling, translated from the German by A. Johnston, 12mo.
The Destination of Man, by Johann Gotleib Fitchte, translated from the German by Mrs Percy Sirnett, 12 mo.
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., Importers of English Books, 134 Washington, opposite School street. 3t d5

BOARDING SCHOOL AT CONCORD, MASS. The academic year in the subscriber's School is divided into three terms of fifteen weeks each, commencing on the first Mondays of January, May and September. The School is a private Academy, limited in number, and receives the undivided attention of its teachers. Every effort is made to render the School and family *pleasant* and *profitable* to the pupils;—the course of instruction embraces the branches of a thorough English and classical education.
Terms $3,00 per week, including instruction, board, washing, &c.
Reference is permitted to the following gentlemen in Boston:—Samuel Greele, F. O. Watts, Francis Fisher, W. W. Clapp, Joseph Breck, George Howe, J. L. L. F. Warren, Levi Parker, Wm. J. Adams, Wm. D. Swan and David Reed; Drs. A. Ball, John Homans, J. V. C. Smith, and Rev. F. D. Huntington; Dr. Edward Jarvis of Dorchester, and Hon. Samuel Hoar and Joseph Barrett Esq. of Concord.
CHARLES W. GOODNOW.
Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

SOAP STONE QUARRY, AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS. The subscriber is now opening at Blandford, a valuable and extensive Quarry of Soap Stone, which is superior to any other substance for lining Stoves, Furnaces and Fire Places. The fire has no effect upon it. From four to six tons of the stone is at the Depot of the Western Railroad at Russell, where it may be examined and purchased.
I am also making Machines for Straw Cutting, and offer them for sale, at my shop in Blandford. This machine may be seen and also purchased at Bagg & Parson's Agricultural Store in Springfield.
JOHN OSBORN.
Blandford, Oct 17, 1846. ft

WARE'S LIFE AND WORKS. 1. Memoir of the Life of Henry Ware, Jr., by his brother John Ware, M. D., 2d ed, 2 vols, portraits.
2. Works of Rev Henry Ware, Jr., edited by Rev. Chandler Robbins, vols 1 and 2 now ready, vol 3 is in press, 12mo.
3. Life of the Savior, 5th ed, 18mo.
4. Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching, 18mo.
5. Formation of the Christian Character, 13th ed, 18 mo.
6. Selections from Priestley's Writings, with a Memoir by Mr Ware, 12mo.
7. Life of Rev Dr Noah Worcester, with fine steel Portrait, 12mo.
The above published and for sale, wholesale and retail, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. d12

NEW GOODS.
DANIELL & CO.,
20 1 Washington Stree

HAVING received our Fall supply of NEW GOODS, we would invite our customers and the public to call and examine our assortment, which is larger and better than at any previous season, and which will be sold at very low prices, and we pledge ourselves to always sell any article in our line as low as it can be found in the city.

DRESS SILKS.
We have a beautiful assortment of RICH COLORED SILKS for Dresses, of the newest patterns and styles.
BLACK SILKS, for Dresses and Mantillas, of the best color and finish.
BLUE BLACK SILKS that are warranted not to spot
CASHMERES,
MOUSSELINE DE LAINES, ALPACCAS, PLAIDS,
And every other kind of Dress Goods.
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS.
In our Shawl Room will be found every variety of Long and Square Shawls, new patterns.
THIBET CLOTHS
OF EVERY DESIRABLE COLOR.
These Goods are from the best manufacturers, and warranted equal to any others in the city, as it regards fabric and color, being imported expressly for us.
EMBOSSED
PIANO AND CENTRE TABLE COVERS.
LINEN GOODS.
Our usual full supply of every kind of Linen Goods wanted for family use.
CLOAK GOODS,
Of all the new styles, particularly PLAIDS, in great variety.
MOURNING GOODS.
Black and Blue Black Silks, Bombazines, Alpaccas, M. de Laines, Crapes, Veils, and all other articles for Mourning.
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.
Blankets, Quilts, Linen Damasks, Cottons, Flannels.
EMBROIDERIES AND LACES.
In this department we have a choice selection of new and beautiful Embroideries and Laces, of the latest patterns.
We have spared no pains to have our stock as complete as possible, and are now ready to offer it at such exceedingly low prices that we feel sure that those who buy of us will be satisfied that our goods are cheap.
"ONE PRICE ONLY."
DANIELL & CO.,
201 WASHINGTON STREET.
o10 is&oseop3m

KENDALL P. SAUNDERS,
No. 432 WASHINGTON STREET....BOSTON,
(DIRECTLY OPPOSITE ELIOT STREET.)
VARIETY
AND
Woooden Ware Establishment,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
REFRIGERATORS,
OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY,
And warrants them equal, if not superior to any made in the State, and are stuffed with Pulverized Charcoal.
WILLOW CARRIAGES, CRADLES, BASKETS AND CHAIRS.
—ALSO, A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF—
Wooden, Tin, Japaned, and Britannia Ware, with every article for furnishing families commencing Housekeeping, and others in want, at as reasonable prices as any store in the city, or country, with a general assortment of Fancy Baskets and other Goods.
☞ All Goods warranted and sent to any part of the city free of expense. 1tis12os o10

SPLENDID EXHIBITION
OF CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, AND GOOD READY MADE CLOTHING, AT
QUINCY HALL CLOTHING STORE,
OVER FANEUIL HALL MARKET.
THE greatest display of READY MADE CLOTHING ever offered in this city, at WHOLESALE or RETAIL.
ONE PRICE,
and this guaranteed to be the lowest that similar articles can be obtained for.
DEALERS IN CLOTHING, and TRADERS FROM THE SOUTH and WEST, are invited to examine this Stock before making their purchases.
A large lot of THIN CLOTHING will be closed off at REDUCED PRICES.
CITY TRADE.
We guarantee them as good and fashionable GARMENTS as can be obtained in Boston, at much less prices than is usually paid—style, fit and workmanship not to be excelled. Made from the most fashionable fabrics. Any description of Clothing made to order, at short notice, and *low prices*.
Just received of an Insolvent Debtor